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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 21, 1954

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JULY 21, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 5

THE DUKE PLANS A CONFERENCE

THE Duke of Edinburgh's plan to hold an industrial conference at Buckingham Palace met with a mixed reception in Britain.

One newspaper said that the Duke's action had left him open to an accusation of meddling.

Yet on the face of it the Duke's idea seems harmless enough.

As patron of the Industrial Welfare Society, which aims at improving relations between worker and employer, he invited 20 to 30 factory workers, foremen, and managers to visit the palace.

The problem of improving relations between employer and worker occupies much attention today. It is one of the keys to increased production, which is essential to prosperity. In Britain it is essential to survival.

The Duke takes his job seriously. Most people are pleased to note that he has ideas for occupying his time beyond polo and motoring.

He is in an unusual, indeed a unique, position in that he lacks power but can exert a great indirect influence. Obviously he wishes to use this influence for good.

As the Queen's husband he can engage in activities which would not be possible if he were King. He is able to see and hear aspects of everyday living ordinarily denied to Royalty.

To have these opportunities and make no use of them would be wasteful. Buckingham Palace officials are too wise and experienced to let him unwittingly engage in dangerous politics.

One of the functions of Royalty is to stand as a symbol of unity between classes. Obviously the Duke has the praiseworthy intention of playing his part in making this unity something more than a symbol.

Our cover:

- Babies always make charming pictures, and we think that the one on our cover this week, pictured emerging from the bath, is unusually appealing. The photograph was taken overseas.

This week:

- Pal Cleary, author of "Husband Wanted," on page 7, hopes to emulate his brother Jon in making writing his career. (We published Jon Cleary's "Just Let Me Be" as our free novel in the issue of May 26.) Pal, who is 18, has had two stories published overseas, one in the British literary magazine "John o' London's Weekly," and one in the American "Blue Book." This story is his first in an Australian paper.

- If you're making a trousseau you will be especially interested in this week's patterns (see page 42), which are all lingerie and all attractive designs.

- This week we announce a cookery contest for recipes using honey. First prize is £100 and there are other prizes totalling £150. See page 47 for details.

Next week:

- A five-page home section in next week's paper includes three pages in color showing exterior and interior views of attractive houses. There is, as well, a pictorial feature showing how a leading architect remodelled a 50-year-old house. If you are planning to build, furnish, or refurbish, you'll find plenty of ideas in the section.

- Some color pictures of exceptional interest next week show the tiny settlement of Mawson, on the Antarctic continent, where ten scientists of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition are based.

- Do you or your family find vegetables boring? Do you eat them simply because you think you should, not because you like them? Next week's cookery page shows how the addition of spices or flavorings can enliven the most commonplace vegetables.

- Next week's lift-out novel is the second half of the celebrated Dorothy Sayers' detective story "Murder Must Advertise."

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BRISBANE OFFICE: 41 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 406, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 King William Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 152, P.R.D.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 4810, G.P.O.
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954



INSTALMENT TWO
OF A FASCINATING
FIVE-PART SERIAL

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

SIR CHARLES RAVENSTREET reaches a crisis in his career when he is voted out of his position as Managing Director of the New Central Electric Company through the connivance of some of his colleagues, and decides to resign.

His wife, MAUREEN, has been dead some time. He has no children, no hobbies, and no close friends, and an association with MAVIS WESTFRET is only of superficial interest.

Before long, however, Ravenstreet is approached by the big industrialist LORD MERVIL, who, with his assistants, SIR EDWIN KARNEY and MAJOR PRISK, tries to interest him in a new anxiety-killing drug invented by a chemist called SEPMAIN.

He is considering Mervil's proposals, driving to his country home, Brozley Manor, when he sees a jet plane crash, destroying a nearby inn. He offers refuge at his home to a man called WAYLAND, who was staying at the inn, and his two friends, foreigners called MAROT and PERPEREK.

The three impress Ravenstreet as being unusual and rather strange types. NOW READ ON:

Ravenstreet found himself a strange spectator—part of this scene, yet helplessly detached from it.

The Magicians

AFTER running his three friends home, Ravenstreet settled them in their respective rooms, then went down to explain them to the Wiversons, the couple who kept house for him. Wiverson was a melancholy little chap, who had failed in various unpretending businesses; he was hard-working and conscientious, able to put his hand to anything in or around a country house, but always in despair, as if he were on the wrong planet.

Mrs. Wiverson was larger, louder, altogether more cheerful than her husband; she dyed her hair a canary shade, slapped on make-up, wore unsuitable garish clothes, and had a quite misleading, raffish air, as if she had retired from a gambling den and might soon open the lowest type of night-club. She was, in fact, respectability itself, bullied the village cleaning women into thoroughness, and was a sensible housekeeper and a passable if uninspired cook.

But dinner for four, including peculiar and particular foreigners, when she had expected only one, was an order that left her panic-stricken. So Ravenstreet returned to his guests, undecided whether to apologise in advance for what would undoubtedly be a very inadequate meal or to suggest that he took them out for dinner.

No sooner had he hinted at this indecision than the fantastic Perperek cut him short. "Pliz—pliz! You have things—any things to eat? Then I cook. These two talk soon tonight of what I do not care to talk—so I cook. Is it not so, my friends?"

"Yes," said Wayland, smiling at Ravenstreet. "Marot and I are discussing some subjects that do not interest Perperek. He'll enjoy cooking the dinner—and he really is a first-class cook."

"Mag-net-isend!" cried Perperek, his dark eyes twinkling away. "Best in these place any time! I speak first to your cook woman

—very careful—diplomateek, you see—I know of these thing. You show me—introduce—pliz! After then I show you."

He talked in this strain all the way down to the kitchen, but already Ravenstreet had guessed that most of this was deliberate clowning, probably to ease the situation. As if he knew what his host was thinking, Perperek halted at the foot of the stairs and tapped his nose with a fat forefinger.

"Is better to play fool than be fool—um? For these kitchen people I am comical old foreign man—you see. No trouble, no fight. All good—nice. You see."

After taking him into the kitchen to meet the Wiversons, Ravenstreet left him to it and did some various odd jobs that were waiting for him. It was half an hour or so later when he went back, to find everything amiably settled. Perperek, without his coat and wearing an apron that looked a mere bib against his massive bulk, was exploring

the cupboards, with the Wiversons in fascinated attendance.

Seeing that all was well, Ravenstreet slipped out again, wrote a few letters, went out to drop them in the box, and had some talk with Bury, his gardener. The day had an exhausted and nervous air; some angry clouds were already massing in the western sky; Bury was certain there would be a thunderstorm.

Ravenstreet had to describe the catastrophe at the White Horse to Bury, who announced that storm or no storm he would cycle over to look at the ruin. This recollection of it shook Ravenstreet more than his original encounter with it had done; horror and death screaming down out of the sleepy afternoon.

He passed another half-hour pottering

To page 10

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**When it comes to
the old question of
marriage a man
will always need ...**

"I DON'T like it," I said.

I was dancing up and down behind my wife's chair trying to catch a glimpse of my neck in the dressing-table mirror.

Helen stopped brushing her hair for a moment, and smiled at my reflection in the mirror. "Really," she said, "men are such helpless creatures. Surely it's not necessary to go through such contortions to put a collar on."

I didn't reply to this comment, because I was concentrating all my energy on the task of persuading the two wings of my collar to become attached to the front stud without the tie slipping out of the collar.

"Careful," Helen warned me, "you're liable to bite off your tongue."

The sigh of relief I breathed when I finally secured the collar to the front stud rapidly converted itself into a groan as I discovered that I had miscalculated the position of the tie in the collar.

I tried tugging the ends of the tie to pull them to the right lengths, but the collar held the tie in a vice-like grip. Obviously, I had to take the collar off and go through the whole ghastly business again.

I collapsed upon the bed.

"I won't go through with it," I groaned. "First you double-crossed my best friend, and then you force me to wear this disguised brakeline. Why can't I wear a collar-attached shirt?"

Helen stood up and surveyed me pityingly.

"It's the only shirt you've got with double cuffs. I do so want you to wear the gold cuff-links I gave you for Christmas. Sit up, and keep your head still for a moment."

The collar was unfastened, and then became miraculously attached to the shirt again. She knotted the tie for me, and then gave me a light kiss on the forehead.

"Now, what's all this about double-crossing Henry?"

"That's just about what it amounts to," I said. "You've arranged this little party tonight for the sole purpose of throwing Henry and Miranda together. I tell you, Helen, I won't stand for it. After all, Henry and I were in the Navy together."

"As if I'm allowed to forget it."

"You can talk," I retorted. "I know Henry and I like to talk about old times occasionally. But what about you and Miranda? It must be all of fifteen years since you two were at school together, and yet you still drag up nauseating reminiscences on every conceivable occasion."

Helen returned to the dressing-table.

"Anyway," I continued, "what's it going to look like tonight? A cosy little party, just Henry, Miranda, and you and me. With a monologue by you on the great institution of marriage."

"It isn't my fault that the Wilsons couldn't come, is it? You wouldn't want me to cancel the party, would you? Not with all that beer in the fridge."

"No," I conceded. "But go easy on Henry, that's all. If you're determined to get him spliced to Miranda, be a little more subtle about it. We're not a marriage bureau, you know."

Helen started to brush her hair with unnecessary violence. Obviously the conversation was closed.

I put on my coat and ambled into the lounge, just in time to answer a ring at the door.

It was Herbie, our neighbor from the flat just across the passage.

"Come in, Herbie," I said. "I was just going to pour myself a drink."

I liked Herbie, despite the noise and queer smells that emanated from his flat. He was an inventor in his spare time, and like most inventors possessed that Peter Pan appearance of never having completely grown up.

"Can't stay," said Herbie. "I just dropped in to see if I could borrow some cigarettes. I forgot to buy some this morning, and the shops are closed now."

"I thought you didn't smoke."

"I don't," said Herbie. "Only, you see, I want to test my air-conditioner."

"Oh, your latest invention. You'd better wheel it in here tonight. Henry and I are liable to make quite a log."

"Yes, it lingers," said Herbie seriously.

"Lingers?"

"Cigarette smoke. That's what I want to test the air-conditioner with."

"Herbie," I said. "You can do me a great favor. My father-in-law gave me some cigars for Christmas. You can have them. If your invention can clean the air after those things have fouled it, I'll buy the first one to come on to the market."

I handed him the box.

"You're sure you don't want them, Frank?" he said doubtfully.

"Sure I'm sure," I said. "Glad to get rid of them."

I was, too. They were terrible. At least the one I tried was.

Helen came into the lounge, and Herbie, mumbling thanks, disappeared like magic; those two didn't always see eye to eye, especially after Herbie's patent mouse-trap, which he

Just a little



"Oh, what gorgeous cuff-links," said Miranda as I carefully shot back my sleeves to show the links. "A present?" she added.

had lent me to try out, had suddenly sprung itself in the middle of the night and smashed three cups in the kitchen cupboard.

Helen seated herself in an armchair, and rifled through the pages of a magazine.

"They're late," she said. "You're sure you told Henry eight o'clock?"

"Yes. He was picking Miranda up. Perhaps she's having trouble putting on her face."

"Miranda," said Helen, "is always punctual."

"Oh, well," I said easily, "you know Henry. He'd be late for his own funeral."

"And about ten years too late for his own wedding," Helen said grimly. "What he needs is a woman to look after him."

"Like Miranda?"

"Well, what's wrong with Miranda?"

"Nothing. She's just a bit too engrossed in her work, isn't she?"

Helen laid down her magazine. "In order to make a success of a career like dress-designing, a woman has to be vitally interested."

"Agreed," I said. "But I think she bores Henry occasionally with it."

Helen raised her eyebrows. "Has Henry said anything to you about being bored with Miranda's conversation?"

"No, but . . ."

"He's a commercial artist. He has to take an interest in fashion, too."

I laughed. "Remember the time we had to leave them alone in the flat whilst we nipped out to see Elsie off to Sydney? I'm sure you expected them to leap apart and look guilty when we got back and opened the flat door. And there they were sitting opposite each other by the fire arguing about clothes. Women's clothes!"

The thought of Henry talking knowledgeably about the Dior hemline—we called him Dusty Miller in the Navy, and more down-to-earth bloke you couldn't meet—made me chuckle.

"Poor old Henry," said Helen, "he's so shy."

"Shy?" I leaned back in my armchair and bellowed. "Why I remember in New York . . ."

"Never mind about New York," said Helen. "The fact

encouragement

By MARY JENNER



John Mills

remains that Henry and Miranda have been friends for at least five years now. You've admitted yourself that Henry has said he's very fond of Miranda, and I know what Miranda thinks of him. And yet Henry doesn't seem to have the courage to do anything about it."

"Then why doesn't Miranda do something?"

"The initiative," said Helen loftily, "must come from the man. Miranda obviously doesn't want to make herself appear cheap."

"Well, anyway," I said, "it's not your fault. I've never seen such conniving in all my life. Perhaps you're antagonising Henry with all your sales-talk."

"Anyone would think I was pushing Henry to hear you talk!"

"Well, aren't you?"

"Pushing!" said Helen indignantly. "Somebody's got to do something. Five years! And never so much as a pass at an attractive girl like Miranda. It's not natural, I tell you."

At that moment the doorbell rang.

Helen and Miranda flew to each other, emitting those peculiar feminine cries which indicate a reunion after at least three hours, whilst Henry and I stood with that embarrassed expression on our faces common to males witness-ing such displays.

Henry and I were already seated in the lounge half-way through our first drink before the two women finished admiring each other's rig and appeared in the room.

We never did much at our little parties except talk.

Miranda sat in a chair next to Helen, who sat at the end of the couch. Henry sat at the other end near to me, so that I could keep on filling his glass without moving from my armchair. The sexes were, therefore, segregated, rather to Helen's annoyance, as she would have preferred Henry to be between her and Miranda so that she could direct the conversation into desirable channels.

Helen looked fixedly at me and coughed.

I remembered my manners and poured out two drinks, although I knew they would be wasted. I knew quite well that both Helen and Miranda would take one sip from

their drinks and sit holding their almost full glasses and talking all evening.

There was also the question of my duty to Helen, and I thought this the best time of the evening to get it over and done with.

So as I stood up to hand Miranda her drink I shot back the cuffs of my coat so that they did not obstruct the view of the cuff-links, which Helen had given me.

"Oh, what gorgeous cuff-links," said Miranda. "I haven't seen those before, have I?"

"Knocked off a bank?" inquired Henry.

Helen looked at me expectantly.

"A present," I said, "from my wife."

Having performed my party piece I thought I could get back to Henry and complete the arrangements about the hashing expedition we were contemplating.

But Helen, having invested capital in the cuff-links, was determined to make capital out of them.

"I bought them for Frank's wedding anniversary present," she said. "Our tenth."

I felt annoyed. After all, they were given to me for Christmas, and I could see what Helen was leading up to.

"Look here, Helen . . ." I started to remonstrate.

"Weren't they, darling?" said Helen, looking straight at me.

"Subdued, I said, "Yes."

"Ten years, just fancy," Miranda said.

I didn't think even Helen could be so corny. "And never a cross word?"

"Scotch?" I asked Henry, grimly.

Miranda smiled at me. "And what did you buy Helen?"

Helen said: "You'd never guess."

"No, you never would," I said sarcastically.

"Remind me to show you later," Helen said to Miranda.

"A negligee."

"Ah," said Miranda, entranced.

"Ho, ho," said Henry. "A negligee. Chalky White buying a negligee!"

"Scotch?" I said again.

"Thanks," said Henry, holding out his glass. "I say, that neighbor of yours is up to something queer tonight. You can smell it in the passage. Like cheap cigars."

"Oh, it smelt something dreadful," exclaimed Miranda dramatically. "I hope he doesn't blow us up or something."

"Herbie's quite safe," I told them. "A bit queer at times, but . . ."

Helen coughed. I could see she didn't like the conversation slipping away from the pattern she had prepared. "How are you getting on with your flat, Henry?"

"Fine," said Henry, "fine, thanks, Helen."

"You don't find it a bother to do your own cooking after you've been at work all day?"

"Gosh, no," said Henry, "I eat out."

Helen shook her head. "Restaurant meals don't do you as much good as home-cooked ones. And what about the cleaning? It's as much as one person could do to keep that big flat of yours spotless."

She sighed. "Isn't it strange that you've got that big flat all to yourself whilst there are hundreds of married couples looking for a place to live?"

Henry looked worried. "You mean I should turn it over to somebody?"

Helen said hastily, "I wasn't thinking of that. Only, it seems strange . . . well, that you've never married. Henry, I mean, you haven't got the usual excuse of nowhere to live."

Miranda started to blush. I frowned at Helen and offered Henry another drink.

"Herbie's invention seems to be working," I said, to change the subject. "That's the throbbing noise you can hear."

"It seems to be getting louder," said Miranda. "I've been hearing it for some time."

I laughed. "You know those cigars your father gave me for Christmas?" I said to Helen. "I gave them to Herbie so that he could test his air-conditioner. No wonder it's

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Husband Wanted

PERHAPS she did look ridiculous. With a paint brush tied to a stick in one hand, she was struggling to paint the eaves of her cottage from the ground. Her blond hair was tucked into a tattered jockey cap. Her cal-pushers were ragged, her shirt stained with paint. Her arms and legs, and her face, too, were smeared with drops from the brush.

Without turning around, Marie kept on with her task, although she could feel Bran Howard's amused eyes upon her. Stubbornly she swept the brush back and forth.

Leaping the small fence which separated the two houses, Bran settled himself comfortably on the lawn. From their childhood he'd done the same thing almost every day.

"What you need," he began, but was sharply interrupted.

"What I need is a ladder," she snapped and flung the dripping brush on the ground. "A lightweight ladder."

She lit a cigarette and sat down beside him. She scowled at him, but that didn't upset him in the least.

"As I was saying," he went on in that sarcastic tone she resented so much. "What you need, Marie, is a husband."

"I need a ladder," she said with dignity.

"Instead of sticking to your house, smearing yourself with paint," he disregarded her interruption, "you should be down the beach, showing off that lovely figure of yours and looking up admiringly at some man."

"Like Rose Hart?"

"Exactly."

"Was she down the beach with you today?"

"Yes. And that's where she's a smarter girl than you are. She'll have a husband and he'll paint her house or have it done," he pointed out. "But if you keep on being so independent, you'll end up an old maid."

She felt like crying, but glared at him instead. She was too proud to let him see her cry. But it hurt, it hurt horribly to have Bran make fun of her.

"The man I marry will love me for myself!" She lifted her chin proudly.

"Smelling of turps?" he teased. "Yes."

She stood up and began collecting her painting equipment. He rose, too, and started towards his own house.

"If you think you can get all that paint off by tomorrow night, I'll take you to the surf club dance," he offered.

"Better take Rose Hart, I'll be fired," she refused coldly.

"Think it over," he advised. "You've got a cute figure. If you'd make the effort to be feminine and charming, you'd be just as popular, have just as many men as Rose."

"I don't want to be popular with lots of men."

She reached with her foot for the top rung of the ladder. It wasn't there!

Pulling herself up to a sitting position, she looked down over the eaves, and with a terrible sense of frustration saw the ladder on the ground. The stiff breeze had blown it over. She was marooned on the roof.

Well, she'd just have to wait there until someone came along. She was too tired to do any more painting so she sat there. No one came along. Sooner or later Bran would turn into his driveway, and she could imagine how hard he would laugh at her plight.

She couldn't bear it. She couldn't bear to have him find her sweaty, paint-smeared, helpless. As the time of his return drew nearer, she crawled over to the middle of the roof and hid behind the chimney. Just in time!

She heard Bran's car turn in and stop, the car door slammed. He called her name, but she didn't answer. There was the familiar thud as he jumped the fence. Then she heard his exclamation as he saw the ladder on the ground.

Untidy as she was, she was glad to think that in another moment Bran would put up the ladder and rescue her. Instead, she heard him jumping the fence, running into his own house.

He'd probably thought she'd gone down the street. He probably decided he might just as well take Rose Hart to the dance.

A sense of accomplishment put her in a better frame of mind. She decided to finish up early. If Bran asked her again, she decided maybe she would go to the dance with him. If he truly loved her, he wouldn't mind if she wore the same old dress.

At four o'clock she inched her way back to the edge of the roof.

At four o'clock she inched her way back to the edge of the roof.

It grew dark and Marie grew hungry. Next door Bran left his house and drove off. Marie couldn't help thinking of the good time he would soon be having at the dance. She sat behind the chimney and cried a little.

Then in desperation she decided to find some way of getting down. There was a gutter pipe at the end of the house away from Bran's. She crawled over to it. It was terrifying, but maybe if she hung on to the eaves she could make it to the roof.

It took courage to lower herself over the edge of the roof. She managed to clutch the pipe with her knees. She lowered herself slowly inch by inch. Now it was time to let go of the roof and shimmy down.

She released her hold on the roof and clutched the pipe. It gave—and she went crashing down into the shrubbery. She rolled out of the bushes and lay on the ground, stunned, breathless, not knowing whether she was dead or alive. The shock and fright made her burst into tears.

Then she heard the familiar thud as Bran leaped over the fence, and the sound of his feet running. His car must have driven in just as she crashed into the bushes. The

"As I was saying," Bran went on in that sarcastic tone she resented, "you need a husband."





THE situation was ridiculous, Jan de Beer thought sourly, not for the first time. Here was he, a middle-aged farmer, watching the luminous hands of his watch and listening impatiently for the sound of Paul Villiers' car. And he had no doubt but that his young neighbor would be just as impatiently covering the miles of rutted red-clay road that divided the two homesteads.

On principle he refused to leave the wide wooden bench on the porch for the comfort of the living-room, though the wind had turned chilly and the frogs and crickets were making a most infernal chorus down at the creek.

Prins, the terrier, sulked in a dark corner. He claimed the bench as his after dark, and relations between man and dog were consequently strained.

Jan sneezed twice and groped for his handkerchief. What did it matter if he caught pneumonia? Perhaps that was Johanna's reason for goading him to express his independence by remaining out in the cold. Who could tell what went on in the mind of a woman?

The paralysing drone of a mosquito seemed to drown all other sounds as it zoomed maddeningly round his head. With more force than accuracy Jan made a desperate swipe at it and boxed his own ear smartly. The zooming went steadily on.

The knowledge that every other man in the district was as perplexed as he made his plight no easier to bear. It merely proved how completely helpless men were in the hands of their womenfolk.

That thought, coming at the end of a long, hard day's work, and to the accompaniment of the thin whine of a mosquito, was almost more than a self-respecting man could bear.

From all accounts, the present trouble had already become nation-wide.

It was high time the Government took steps, Jan de Beer had decided, and had forthwith written several sharply worded letters on the matter to his M.P. The fact that the replies he had received had been couched in terms of brotherly compassion had helped very little.

It had been only too obvious from the opening sentence that the Member for Britzdorp was no more than a man like the rest of them—and as helpless to cope with the present crisis.

"I have always said," Jacob de Wet had declared when Jan showed him what their M.P. had written, "that members of Parliament should be celibate. How can they give their minds to their jobs if they, also, are subjected to the be-devilment of women? We must bear this in mind at the next general election, my friend."

Jan, like every responsible, ambitious Afrikaner, nursed a secret dream of one day visiting Capetown on the Blue Train with an impressive brief-case in his hand, and this fact invested his old friend de Wet's words with the prophecy of doom.

Maddening as Johanna had been these past few months,

she was still his wife and helpmate. He would as soon think of parting company with his shadow as with Johanna. Her fig jam and mealie bread were enough to tickle the most blasé palate, and her sausage was the envy of the neighborhood.

If only, he fretted, marching up and down the porch in an effort to out-maneuvre the tormenting mosquito, if only she had been blessed with a little masculine commonsense in addition to her undoubtedly feminine virtues!

Other men's wives might make themselves ridiculous by falling in love en masse with a voice, but he had thought better than that of Johanna.

That their daughter Dricky should have done so was regrettable, but more readily understood. After all, she was only a girl. And, although the thought didn't take actual shape in Jan de Beer's naturally modest mind, one couldn't help lining the girl's father and fiance up for comparison.

Decent young fellow though Paul Villiers undoubtedly was—and a shared feminine affliction had drawn Jan and Paul very close together in the past few months!—he still lacked the maturity and breadth of vision of the older man. With his mind still partly dwelling on Johanna's more obvious qualities, Jan drew a brief comparison between a green fig and a ripe one, and aimed a rather less vicious blow at the persistent mosquito.

The headlights of a car stabbed the darkness, and a long sigh of relief escaped Jan de Beer's lips as he hastened down the steps to meet his future son-in-law.

"I have news for you," Paul said by way of greeting, throwing a comradely arm about the shoulders of the man he had once held in the appropriate awe called for by their relationship.

"They're taking him off the air?" Jan demanded, voicing his deepest wish.

Paul's pleasant mouth curled in a bitter smile.

"And if they did, who knows how the women would react?" His cynicism ill became him.

"Quite right. Quite right," Jan agreed morosely. "But is it good news this time, Paul?"

"That also one cannot say. It is simply that this man Adrian Jansen is to visit Britzdorp. It appears he is to make personal appearances throughout this poor, benighted land, district by district. Every week-end he will visit a particular town or centre until he has wrecked every home in the Union."

"We will not permit it!" Jan declared, accidentally catching the mosquito between the hammer of his right fist and the anvil of his left palm. "We have our manhood. He is nothing but a fool to venture among us in the flesh. We are powerless against him on the air, but when we have him here—"

"I thought that way, when I first heard the news," Paul told him quietly. "So did the others. It is only natural, for we think with the direct logic of men. But we must remember—we are dealing with women. As Jacob de Wet

Voice

By FAY KING

points out, if we make a martyr of this man we have probably lost our womenfolk for good."

"Jacob de Wet!" Jan spat the name as though it were a bitter weed that had found its way into his quid of tobacco.

"But he's right," Paul said with resignation. "Give this fellow what he deserves, run him out of the country, and what would we have on our hands? Our women would never forgive us. They would regard him as a martyr, believe me. We must be subtle—and patient."

The look Jan gave his future son-in-law spoke volumes.

"When I was a young man," he said tartly, "I would never have taken this lying down."

Paul removed his arm and dug his fists into his trouser pocket.

"When you were a young man, Meneer de Beer, you had none of the problems that face us today. You had no radio Romeo who could bewitch your intended under your very nose; you had no aeroplanes and fast cars that could transport an enemy like the flicker of an eye."

"You were safe. You could leave your womenfolk at home and give your mind to the management of your farm with the reasonable assurance that their hearts would be in the same place when you returned home for your meals."

"But today, what is the position? At six in the morning they reach out of bed and switch on the radio to hear HIS voice, and they spend their days in a trance, followed about their household work by the poisonous syrup of HIS voice."

"How can we put our minds to such tasks as defeating the potato bug and watching our crops being drowned in flood or burnt up by drought, knowing all the time that our rival is in our home playing ninepins with our women's hearts?"

Humbled by this outburst, Jan de Beer slipped his arm about the younger man's shoulders in turn.

"What you say is perfectly true," he said soothingly. "There have never been times like the present. The perils of the Great Trek were as nothing by comparison. And what does the Government do? Nothing!"

"There's a certain amount of hope in the news that this Adrian Jansen has decided to come into the open," Paul said slowly as they approached the house.

"Nature usually knows her job, man. What do you imagine Jansen will look like when nature has given him such a voice?" They paused on the step to listen with distaste to the beautifully modulated, warmly intimate voice that came from the radio indoors. "An Adonis?"

A ray of hope stole into the gloom of Jan de Beer's heart. Yet there was something very sinister about a man

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"Paul! Wait for me!" cried Dricky as she caught his arm. "Don't leave me behind."



ILLUSTRATED BY

Hedstrom

soul in the garden smoking and wondering what his three guests thought they were settling at their little conference. He caught a glimpse of the Wiversons going out at the back, presumably for the evening and by Perperek's permission, certainly not by his.

This fat character might look like a comic baron in a Balkan musical comedy, but he knew how to handle types like the Wiversons. He had, in fact, Ravenstreet decided, a very powerful personality.

As soon as he looked into the kitchen again, Perperek commanded him to stay. Not that he needed any help, Perperek explained, but while he was preparing the dinner—and

Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 3

these preparations appeared to be on a large and complicated scale—he would be glad to have a little talk with his host.

This seemed to Ravenstreet a good opportunity to discover who these three were and why they met. It would be easier to question Perperek, all bearing good-nature, than the other two, so much more austere and aloof. And this worked.

Perperek never stopped bustling about, was forever chopping, mixing, stirring, tasting, his English was often so eccentric that it made no sense of his replies, even if he had intended them to be sen-

sible; nevertheless, Ravenstreet did obtain some facts about the three of them.

Wayland, it appeared, was part English, part Baltic; he was a retired civil engineer who had worked for many years in the East. Marot was an optician in Bordeaux. Perperek himself was a Bulgarian by birth, had spent much time "as merchant" in the Near East, and now had some mysterious business that kept him travelling between Italy and Greece.

It was quite obvious that while Perperek produced these facts because Ravenstreet more or less demanded them, he attached no importance to them, clearly believing that what they had done or did to earn a living did not matter.

They seemed to have known one another for at least forty years, and Ravenstreet got the impression, though nothing was said definitely about this, that they were the surviving members of a much larger group.

But Perperek did not explain what brought them together, why a retired civil engineer in England, a French optician, a "merchant" from the Eastern Mediterranean should go to the trouble of meeting like this.

Ravenstreet came to the conclusion that the three must be the remaining members of some cranky religious-cum-philosophical movement, about which Perperek chose to be silent. But there was something in the fat man's dark twinkling gaze and an odd suggestion of force in him that prevented Ravenstreet from deciding they were merely a bunch of absurd elderly eccentrics. Then he remembered the queer business of the luggage.

"One thing puzzles me," he said. "How did you come to have your suitcases with you when you were talking in the garden shelter this afternoon when the hotel was hit? Were you about to leave, anyhow?"

"We thought better to be ready," replied Perperek, who was deftly chopping onions.

"Something happens, perhaps."

"But you couldn't have known there was going to be an accident."

Perperek did not trouble even to look up. "To us not an accident."

Ravenstreet couldn't pass this. "But it was an accident. Something went wrong with the aircraft, the pilot baled

out, and unluckily it crashed into the hotel."

For a minute or two Perperek, who was now frying the chopped onions, said nothing. It was obvious that he had not taken offence at anything Ravenstreet had said. Either he was not interested or he was too busy with the onions.

Ravenstreet waited, keeping a look of inquiry directed at him. Finally Perperek turned, caught the look, and smiled his enormous fat smile.

"What is accident one level of life no accident other level of life. You understand?"

"No, I don't."

Perperek rapidly spread flour on a board. "Imagine we say there is here nice place—is good for eating in air—what you call eating in air?"

"Do you mean a picnic?"

"Picnic, yes! Is good this place for picnic—pretty ladies like it very much. But here ants—many, many little ants—and pretty ladies do not like ants with picnic. So you say to servant to go do some things to kill many, many ants this place. So it happens. Many, many ants are killed and other little ants speak of terrible accident—famous terrible accident this is in art world. Now you understand?"

"Yes, I understand about the ants and the picnic place. But I don't see how the argument applies to that plane this afternoon. That was an accident, all right. You're not going to tell me you believe the pilot deliberately contrived."

"No, no, no, no! Pilot has no part in this. Something different. We will not talk of it. Too many things to remember!" He was testing the frying onions with a fork. "But you ask about these suitcases and I say we take them because we think something might happen—we do not know what. We try to warn hotel people."

"Yes, I remember Mr. Way-

land saying that, and I wondered at the time what he meant. You warned them that something might happen."

"Is no use," said Perperek dispassionately. "Is never use. Waste of talk. Imagine I say to you that you feel bad inside—too much tick-tock—so you make wrong move—then make worse moves—all bad. You listen when I warn? No never. You see?"

"You're probably right. I wouldn't take any notice. By the way, you didn't realize I was feeling bad inside and so making wrong moves did you?"

"Yes. As you are, I think," he replied indifferently. "Tick-tock. Bad feeling. Tick-tock. Wrong move. Tick-tock. Worse worse. Tick-tock, tick-tock."

"What's this tick-tock business?" demanded Ravenstreet, not repressing his irritation.

"Wrong view of time." And for a moment Perperek lost his twinkle and his smile and stared at him bleakly, making him feel he was suddenly looking at quite a different man. Then the twinkle and smile returned. "You like garlic?"

"Yes, but not too much, please, Mr. Perperek."

"Not Mr. Perperek. We make a rule now. No airs and masters—just Perperek. Marot. Wayland. Ravenstreet. Is a rule."

Ravenstreet agreed. He had meant to ask Perperek what this wrong view of time was but now decided against it. Perperek looked as if he did not intend to discuss such subjects. There was silence for a while.

"I tell what you think," Perperek suddenly announced, leaving the stove and lighting a cigarette.

"Go on, then." Ravenstreet was dubious.

"You think Wayland, Marot, Perperek older than first look—old men have young feeling."

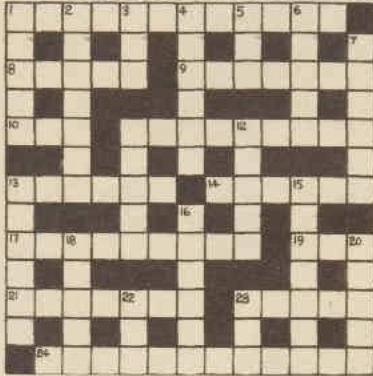
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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. 1, 2, 3, etc. etc. 9, 9 (2, 3, 1, 5)
2. Have onions on a truncheon (5)
3. Vessel to disturbed Ireland in a basket (5)
4. O O
5. Must lemon -Anayz (5)
6. Slick sounds like an additional offer (6)
7. Join the French and it confuses (6)
8. Maintainer - which keeps its extra stock inside (6)
19. Letting 'U' dare not sit upon 'I' would like the poor (6) (Macbeth—Shakespeare) (3)
21. License an M.P. embodied in a row with ease (7)
22. Sailor to employ such corrupt practices (7)
24. Could this be a charge for a tailor? (7, 5)

Solution will be published next week.



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AVARICE ALIEN
W G N D E
DEP CABIN
IMAGES FORERUN
GR POME T
ABCESS DUST
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Solution to last week's crossword



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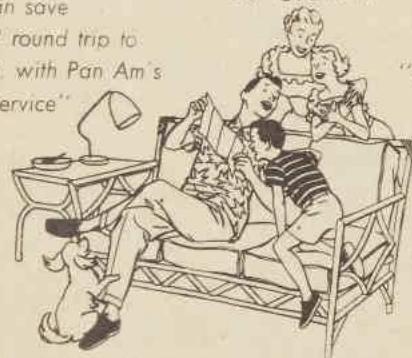
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Teenager's new records raise...

HOPES FOR EMPIRE GAMES



JON HENRICKS, 19, Australian sprint swimming champion and the Japanese and Philippines national champion. After the Games, Jon will compete in the Japanese national championships

The world record-breaking swims made by 15-year-old Sydney girl Lorraine Crapp at Townsville (Qld.) recently has given Australian swimming officials increased hopes of pulling off many of the honors at the British Empire Games.

TEENAGER Lorraine first smashed the world's 880-yard women's freestyle swimming record.

She clocked 11min. 0.4sec., which bettered the previous record, held by an American girl, by 8.2sec.

Nine days later she broke two world and one Olympic freestyle records.

She swam 440 yards in 5min. 11sec. to break the world long-course record of 5min. 14sec., held by Val Gyenge, of Hungary.

Lorraine's time for this record also broke the world and Olympic records for 440 metres of 5min. 12.1sec.

Lorraine is second youngest of the swimming team of ten that Australia is sending to the British Empire Games which begin in Vancouver, Canada, on July 30.

The team of swimmers, regarded as the strongest ever sent abroad, is made up of Jon Henricks, 19, freestyle, Gary Chapman, 16, freestyle distance, Lorraine Crapp, 15, freestyle, David Hawkins, 19, breaststroke, Cyrus Weld, 17, backstroke, Rex Aubrey, 19, freestyle, Jan Grier, 14, breaststroke, Diane Knight, 16, backstroke, Kevin Newell, 22, diver, and Barbara McAulay, 25, diver.

Two of them, David Hawkins, breaststroke, aged 19, of Sydney, and Rex Aubrey, sprint swimmer, aged 19, of Parkes (N.S.W.), are

at present studying at American universities. They will travel together to Canada.

Australia's total team at the Games will be 88, including the general manager, Mr. J. Eve, of Sydney, the managers Mrs. J. Morison, of Sydney, and sectional managers.

All members of the team except 14 at present in Britain and America and the eight members of the bowing team, who left a day later, left Australia on July 13.

The Australian team, which is costing more than £45,000 to send abroad, will be the first overseas team to arrive in Canada.

With all other competitors, they will stay at the University of British Columbia, which is being converted into an Empire village.

The University — the third largest in Canada — is situated in 548 acres of land in one of the most picturesque parts of the nation.

It is seven miles out of Vancouver, framed against a coastal range and overlooking Howe Sound.

The University grounds are lined with grass boulevards and planted with thousands of evergreen trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The University is in close proximity to the various competition stadiums and handy to miles of sandy beaches.

Most members of the team broke training for quiet farewell parties with relatives and friends.

Graded first

SCHOOLBOY Jon Henricks, of Sydney, is graded No. 1 in the team by the Australian Swimming Union.

He is the Australian sprint champion and the Japanese and Philippines national champion.

A cheerful, likeable youngster, Jon has just turned 19. He is enrolled at Fort Street Boys' High School and will sit for his Leaving Certificate this year.

The only thing worrying Jon about the Games trip is that it will interfere with his school studies. He has to repeat the Leaving Certificate examination this year because of the time he lost last year competing in the national championships in Japan and the Philippines.

Jon, who wants eventually to study medicine at the University, spends two hours after school every day and on Saturdays training.

He has had his hair cropped so that it will dry quickly after training.

After the Games, Jon will return home via Japan, where he will compete in the national championships.

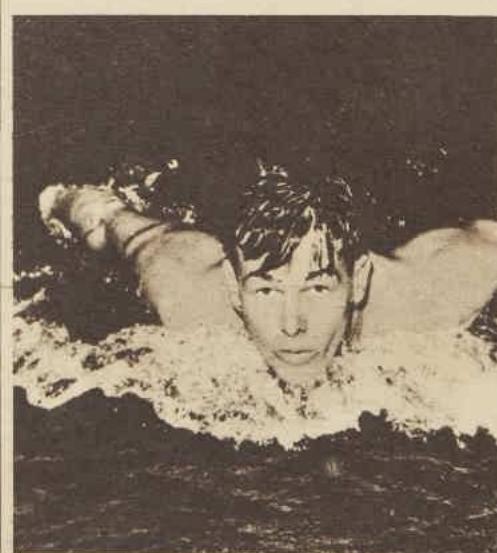
The baby of the team, blond Jan Grier, of Bundaberg, is only 14. She comes of a swimming family — both of her parents have represented Australia overseas. Her mother was Dorothy Thompson, Olympic competitor.

The only male diver in the team, Kevin Newell, aged 22, of Sydney, holds the Australian high-tower title.

An all-round athlete, Kevin works casually as a drink-waiter, because he says "the pay is good and the short working hours leave me plenty of time for training."

However, he doesn't drink himself except on festive occasions.

If possible, Kevin would like to stay on in Canada after the



DAVID HAWKINS, said by some experts to be the world's finest breaststroke swimmer, who is a student at Harvard University. After the Empire Games, Hawkins will do a month's work as a laborer, using pick and shovel.



GROUP OF CHAMPIONS. Time out from training at the Tobruk Memorial Swimming Pool at Townsville, where many members of the Australian swimming team have been preparing for the Games. From left, Diane Knight, Gary Chapman, Lorraine Crapp, and Barbara McAulay.

Games to study forestry methods. He is keen on entering the industry.

Tall, dark-haired Victorian swimmer Diane Knight will decide while away with the Empire Games team whether she will begin a teaching course in domestic science or physical education on her return home.

Sixteen-year-old Diane, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Knight, of Alphington, Victoria, gained the Leaving Certificate at the Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne, last year, and would have been back to do matriculation this year had she not been chosen for the Games.

"Not that she is terribly fond of studying," her mother said, "but she does mean to have a career apart from swimming."

She has been a backstroke swimmer in the Victorian team competing at the Australian championships for four years.

Last year she won the junior championship and set a new junior record for the backstroke event.

Medical student Cyrus Weld, of Brisbane, who is Australian backstroke champion, will celebrate his 18th birthday in Vancouver.

Cyrus, who is in his first year of medicine at Queensland University, will be 18 on August 14.

Because of the time he will lose from studies while attending the Games, the University is deferring his 1954 examination this year until February next year.

A shy six-footer, Cyrus' favorite relaxation is sailing on the Brisbane River.

The Australian middle-distance champion, 16-year-old Gary Chapman, of Sydney, will have a strong barracker at the Games.

His father, Mr. Arthur Chapman, who owns a sports store and is a tennis coach, will be there to cheer him on. Mr. Chapman intends to combine a trip to the Games with a business tour of America and Canada.

Gary, who holds so many swimming records that his father can't count them, left school at the end of last year. He is now learning the sports store business.

High diver

VERSATILE twenty-five-year-old diver Barbara McAulay, of Victoria, divides her time between sport, music, and dressmaking.

Barbara teaches piano forte at a city school, practises diving



KEVIN NEWELL, Australia's high-tower diving champion. When not training at weekends, Kevin relaxes at golf.

ing at the baths for one and a half hours daily, often plays the piano at wedding receptions in the evenings, and just as often "runs up" a frock in an hour when she gets home.

She won a University Full Blue for swimming while doing an honors course in music at the Melbourne Conservatorium.

She has held the Australian highboard diving title for one year, and the springboard title for four years, with the highest points ever allotted in Australia.

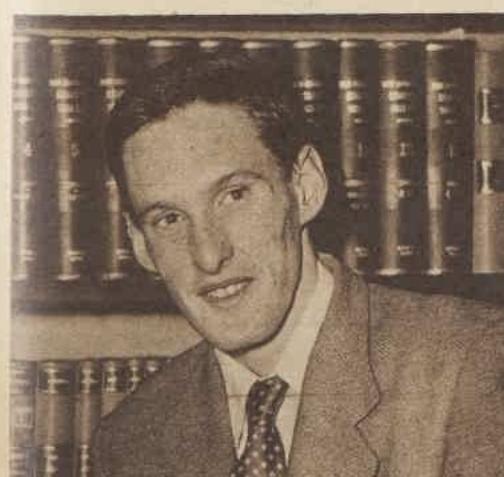
Hawkins and Aubrey, the team members in America, are training hard in the well-equipped pool at Yale University.

Aubrey has to do his training at night, because he has taken a job as a life-guard at a country club near the University to bolster his income.

Hawkins has borrowed enough money to see him through the month of preparation for Vancouver and for a competition later in America.

Both Australians are being helped in their training by fellow Australian John Marshall, who set a variety of world records in middle-distance swimming when he was a student at Yale a few years ago.

Marshall is keen to help his countrymen achieve their finest condition for the Games and is giving them the benefit of his long experience in stiff competition in the U.S. as well as in the Olympic Games.



CHAMPION. Australian backstroke champion Cyrus Weld, Brisbane, is a medical student. He fits in study periods at the library between long hours of hard training.

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KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

Dominating the mail this week is a request by a man on behalf of himself and his friends for "honest, genuine, middle-class girls" who'll settle for escorts who don't own cars.

HERE is his letter:

A contentious point is making itself felt among the many male friends of my acquaintance and myself.

"We are looking for honest, genuine, middle-class girls of whom there are many about, but after one or two outings we find we cannot keep them."

"Why is this, you might ask? Simply because we haven't a car."

Now, this statement must appear to you to be the greatest libel you have ever read. You will say that any decent girl wouldn't care if the man had a car or not. Possibly she wouldn't care after she knew what the chap was really like. But when a chap is endeavoring to form a friendship with a girl it may be surprising just how much competition another man with a car can be.

"Girls generally do not consider why a man hasn't a car, but seem to consider having a car an advantage and not having a car a disadvantage."

W.B., Burwood, N.S.W.

No, I'm not a bit surprised that another man with a car means twice competition.

It's tough on you and your friends who haven't cars, but I don't see what decency has to do with girls' preferences, and I don't think you're "sculling" girls at all.

If a girl has the choice of two dates, two men equally attractive, why shouldn't she prefer the one with the car?

This is the girls' viewpoint on why they prefer men with cars.

The car makes the date so much smoother. There is no drama about transport — and this is a big item.

Taxis aren't the same. Most girls are meter-conscious and hate to think what it's costing.

There is no disturbing consciousness to mar the car ride. How a man managed to scupper up the deposit, at what sacrifice he keeps the payments

going and maintains the bus — these are not questions that trouble her ease.

A girl doesn't sit down and worry about all this. She's just aware of a vague feeling of irritation which she doesn't experience when she goes on a date in Wilbur's car.

Don't forget, either, what death the taxi-driver is to romance.)

At week-ends the car is the answer. In a city on Sundays the pleasure of a man's company is dimmed by the feeling of trailing around uncomfortably.

What to wear at such times is also a bother (and always a

"What's Janet's boy-friend like?" asks one girl.

"Well"—a pause—"he has a two-seater sports model."

In girls' language, that means—whatever he looks like—he's smooth, worldly, successful, a bit dangerous, has modern tastes, dresses well, and likes a good time.

Some competition, eh? But don't ever forget the story about the hare and the tortoise; also that when a girl really cares about a man cars don't matter to her at all.

WHY CAN'T I HOLD A BOYFRIEND? I am very popular at dances and always have a good time. When I have my first date with different boys they seem very interested, but next time they see me they treat me very casually. There are two boys whom I like very much, and they both treat me as only a friend when they see me. What could I do to make them interested in me? Or what is the matter with me? I have just turned 18."

Desperate, Perth.

At a guess—not knowing you, your tastes, personality, behaviour, looks—I'd say you're too eager. "Desperation" usually makes people that way. And most men abhor eager girls.

You'll have to overcome the "desperate" idea. Also, you mustn't ask more of these two boys than the friendship you're prepared to give.

They treat you as "only a friend." But surely "friends" is all they are to you, so why should you mean more to them?

I wish I knew more about you. I have the impression (could be wrong) that you're a bit lonely and more than a bit impatient to find THE man and to have the tremendous love.

If this is so, you'll have to learn to be patient.

In the meantime, why not relax and enjoy the friendships while you're still heartwhole. The tremendous love will hit you between the eyes soon enough.

"Get the dictionary, Peggy. If that word means what I think it means, my date tonight is off!"

major consideration with women). Whereas a car seems a natural to background those tapered slacks and sweaters and scarves and jingle-jangles.

True, there's always a picnic. But by the time a girl is 20 her zest has flagged for rising at dawn and off by public transport come wind or weather.

By that time she's no longer the tomboy who doesn't mind scratched legs and blistered heels and her hair in a mess. She's getting to be an old lady who likes her comfort.

When one girl describes a man to another girl she has only to add "And he has a car" for the man to seem clever and therefore admirable.

There is even a car rating, with personalities to match.

BOTH sides of DO70095 are used for a socko Louis Armstrong version of "Basin Street Blues," five minutes and 46 seconds of sizzling jazz. Louis wraps himself around the vocals and plays trumpet, but barely steals honors from the drummer, Kenny John. For extra measure we have Barney Bigard (clarinet) and Bud Freeman (tenor sax).

NOT so long ago I said that the "Dance of the Hours" always reminded me of a race-meeting, and now Spike Jones comes along and slaughters Ponchielli's music for that very purpose. I'll sue Spike for making me flood my radio-gram with uncontrollable tears of laughter. Some of the

DISC DIGEST

sounds he makes are among the most inhuman ever to come through a speaker, and the pace is so fast that you've got to play it several times to pick up all the patter. Flip to EA4175 is not likely to be broadcast much, if at all, being called "What Is a Disc Jockey?", a relentless jibe that's almost too true to be taken lightly.

FROM the soundtrack of the film "Rose Marie," Howard Keel makes a very pleasing item of the title song on MGM5175. It had feared it would be vamped up for 1954 audiences, but he sings it straight and so evokes memories of earlier productions. He's joined by a robust male chorus for "The Mounties" on the reverse. Those with 33 1/3 r.p.m. equipment will perhaps prefer the microgroove disc (MGM-01-7502), which, in addition to the above songs, has six further numbers from the film.

HAVE I any Norwegian readers? If so, they're advised to hear "Norsk Fantasi," which, I take it, is a collection of national folk tunes played on the accordion by Toralf Tollesen on DO3636. It should also please anyone who is fond of the accordion, because he plays well and the tunes are rhythmic and lighthearted.

BERNARD FLETCHER

SHORTY MONARCH
FILM STAR
A MONARCH SHORT STORY



SCENE: 2 miles outside Tombstone City. Our hero (played by Shorty) is after the villain, Black Jake. "You danged fool Jake. How'd you expect to ride fast when you aren't wearing Monarch action-cut shorts? Here I come!"

Over and over down Deadwood Gulch. My Monarch shorts can take this—they're made from Bradmill drill that's tough as a heifer's hide. You'd better ask for Monarch next time, Jake. If there is another next time."



Splash! This is where Monarch's Sanforized label comes in handy (splash). Your danged pants will soon be up around your neck (sock). My Monarchs won't shrink by one per cent! See, it pays to say Monarch, Jake!

I'm takin' you in, Black Jake. You've learned that crime doesn't pay. But it does pay to buy Monarch. They're real tough shorts, that don't chafe, and don't shrink. Buy yourself a pair when you get out.



HAPPY ENDING! Shorty gets the girl. "I want you to wear the pants in this family—so long as they're MONARCHS". Says Sue Ann.

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Guatemala: Land of contrasts



ANTIGUA, the ancient capital of Guatemala, still has the remnants of some of its 85 original churches, many of which were destroyed in the great earthquake of 1773. The church of La Merced standing on one side of the civic square was left, but the convent which was once attached to it is demolished.



FOUNTAINS and tiles give a peaceful air to this garden court inside the President's palace in Guatemala City. Open to the sky and surrounded by galleries, the interior courtyard is a typical feature of buildings in Guatemala.

GUATEMALA, the scene of recent uprisings and change of government, is a land of colorful contrasts, both scenically and architecturally.

Living between the Pacific Ocean and the Caribbean Sea and bordered by Mexico, Honduras, and Salvador, Guatemala has a population of more than 3,000,000.

The rugged, mountainous terrain is largely volcanic. Eruptions and earthquakes have played a big part in Guatemalan history.

The present capital, Guatemala City, for instance, was established in 1776, following a series of disastrous earthquakes which ruined the previous capital, Antigua.

In the cities the strong influence of Spanish architecture has blended with the native love of color to make graceful streets and squares lined with buildings and houses in pinks, greens, and tropical yellows.

The pictures on these pages were taken by Mr. Allan Gamble, of Sydney, during a recent visit to Guatemala.



GOING TO MARKET at Chichicastenango, Guatemalan boys in native costume pause by the sacred lake of Atitlan, 5000 feet above sea-level. Surrounded by volcanic peaks, the lake is 1500 feet deep and seven miles across. Guatemalans are direct descendants of the highly civilised Mayan race of 1000 B.C. and onwards and still retain some of their ancient arts and crafts.



STREET SCENE in Antigua, where now only 5000 people live. Set in a beautiful valley several hours' drive from Guatemala City, Antigua is still an attractive spot with many of the scarred but magnificent ruins overgrown with bright tropical shrubs and green undergrowth.



ABOVE: Sunday afternoon in Guatemala City. Children bring their roller skates to the Central Square and skate on the broad paving stones out of the reach of traffic. Gardens and trees decorate the square. In the background the President's palace makes an imposing facade. Built in the late Spanish Renaissance style, with elaborate colonnades and bronze grilles, it is one of the most beautiful buildings there.

BELOW: On the road between Guatemala City and Antigua native women wash their clothes in a stream. Guatemalans are a very clean people, and river scenes like this are common all over the country. Women who bring their laundry to the river carry it in bundles or baskets on their heads, and young children are carried in slings on their backs. Many country women have long hair worn in braids or caught up in buns.



STATE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER MARRIES



• Four hundred and fifty guests attended the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Northcott and Mr. Russell Nash at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. The bride, who is the younger daughter of the Governor, Sir John Northcott, and Lady Northcott, chose a dress of palest pink silk brocade with a matching full-length tulle veil.

RECENTLY MARRIED
Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Rowe arrive at Government House for the reception. Mrs. Rowe, who was formerly Carol Forbes, wore a tobacco-brown velvet dress.



AT RECEPTION. Sue Playfair (left) and Mrs. Jock Pagan at Government House. Sue wore a steel-blue silk taffeta dress, and Mrs. Pagan chose mushroom velvet.



ON THE STAIRS at Government House are (from left) the mother of the bridegroom, Mrs. Henry Gagg, Mr. Russell Nash and his bride, the former Miss Elizabeth Northcott, flower-girls Christine (left) and Margaret Coburn, the bride's sister and matron-of-honor, Mrs. Donald Coburn, and the Governor, Sir John Northcott, father of the bride.



TRIO. Lady Smith (left), Mrs. Neville Manning, and Mrs. Alan Potter walk up the steps of St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, to attend the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Northcott and Mr. Russell Nash.



COUNTRY GUESTS. Mr. and Mrs. Pat Arnott, of "Coolah Creek," Coolah, outside Government House before the reception.



ARRIVING at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, are Lady Lloyd Jones and her younger son, Charles. Lady Lloyd Jones wore a full-length ermine coat.

BEFORE



AFTER!



THE curtains, the floor covering and the furniture are exactly the same, yet the difference in the two illustrations is simply amazing, isn't it? Without spending a penny on new furniture or furnishings, you can achieve the same sort of exciting change in your lounge room . . . or any other room in your home. The secret? By painting with the Kem-Tone and Kem-Glo colour companions. Kem-Tone and Kem-Glo are *designed* to go together (whether you prefer companion or contrasting colours) and each is a specialised paint to give a speedy, flawless finish on the surface it covers.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954

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2—let it go



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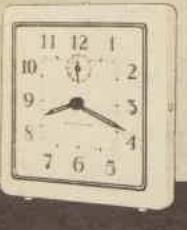
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Redex crew battles on



BOGGED. Local residents and men of the Cinesound crew helping to pull our car out of the sand in which it was bogged a few miles before reaching Hughenden, on the Queensland route of the Redex trial. At left, our driver, Nan Broughton, and captain-navigator, Helen Frizzell, help while driver-mechanic, Enid Nunn, takes wheel. Picture by Cinesound.

Bush hospitality at Christmas Creek broke long trip over horror stretch

So far the only advantage enjoyed by women in the Redex round-Australia reliability trial was at Christmas Creek Station, after the horror run from Katherine.

WITH true bush hospitality, Mr. and Mrs. Vic Jones, of Christmas Creek, invited all women in the trial into their homestead for a shower, cold meat and salad, and bunks in a cool room.

The men slept on verandahs, or in the gardens on the grass, and the Jones' also helped out by telling male drivers where they could bathe in the river and find some shade in the scrub for their six hours' rest after the gruelling drive.

But for the true Western Australian hospitality displayed by the Jones' there would have been little comfort for anyone.

The whole thing was done by Mr. and Mrs. Jones and a friend, Mrs. Les Williams, whose husband is in charge of an oil search unit working in the district.

Christmas Creek homestead is surrounded by wide verandahs, and like most Western Australian outback homes the dining-room is rather like a big fly-wire cage.

Six aboriginal children and their mothers hung around all the time we were there, gazing at the hive of activity caused by the trial drivers.

Mrs. Jones had been most worried about her two bulldogs which are crazy about cars and would have welcomed the opportunity to chase about 200.

It must have been a frustrating time for the dogs. They were securely chained up for the whole period.

Our team consists of myself as captain-navigator, Enid Nunn, driver-mechanic, and Nan Broughton, driver.

When we arrived at Christmas Creek, I saw the first of

the Western Australian claypans I had heard about. Imagine a black gramophone record. The hole in the centre is the position of the car.

Across this featureless circle you head, following indistinct wheel tracks to reach a point on the perimeter.

Before I began this story at Broome I scraped dust out of the typewriter and will shortly do the same with clothes and own face. My brown hair is now an interesting shade of ginger, and Enid's and Nan's hair is the same.

In the past 48 hours we have had four hours' sleep, but the 24 hours' halt here should help.

There are 300 whites and double that number of Asians and aborigines here.

Our last overnight stop was at Darwin Hotel, where the tropical atmosphere was accented by the pastel painted

bungalows.

Then Enid swept round a bend to find her father, Bill Nunn, with his Humber well bogged down.

Waving his hand, Mr. Nunn

Dust was like cocoa

houses with their walls of louver ventilators.

On the lawns outside the hotel, Darwin people were drinking and chatting under the palms in the garden as we arrived — three dishevelled females in dirty boiler suits.

Next morning we awoke to see the blue expanse of Darwin Harbor from our room, then it was on again down the bitumen to Katherine.

There we heard that 20 or so Redex cars were bogged in sand some miles out of the town.

When we arrived on the scene in our Humber Super Snipe, "Narda," it was like a Keystone cops film, unbelievably funny to onlookers, but maddening to the drivers, who

indicated a better way through, and Enid put the car round another bend, half up a bank, and down again . . . we were through.

The next stretch was like parkland dotted with tall gums and giant anthills standing like tombstones, which with the coming of evening were wreathed with low streams of foggy dust. Yes, it was the dust we had heard so much about — the color of cocoa finely sifted as if by a housewife making a giant chocolate cake.

Overtaking was almost impossible. If one car approached another, the driver was blinded by fine dust particles, which soon turned us all the color of Red Indians.

By staff reporter
HELEN FRIZZELL,
captain-navigator

The Kimberleys are no high mountains, but flat topped and glow with amazing colors. Some are mere mounds of copper-colored conglomerate-type boulders others are dotted with spinifex grass, which is shaped like a pincushion of faint green topped with yellowish feather spears.

The drivers took two-hour spells, and the one in the lead prepared the food, which was mainly sandwiches, fruit, and drinks from the vacuum flask.

We are always glad when dawn comes on these 24-hour drives. As do most other crews, we find that tiredness plus irritation, is greater around 3 a.m. than at any other time.

We smoke too many cigarettes and get very thirsty, the drink orange or tomato juice by puncturing a tin and sipping the juice through a straw.

Conversation is strictly limited on dangerous stretches like the run into Broome from Katherine.

Either I or the driver replaces me as navigator but continually check map readings with the speedometer.

Here is a sample: "At 10.4 miles creek crossing," then "starting 10.0, 10.2, point 3—now we have the creek!"

Peering ahead through the night, the navigator warns of a double check on possible hazards ahead, including red outcroppings across the road like a small shelf, or boulders looming up.

Around Derby pronounced "Durby" up this way, there are bottle-shaped trees called baobabs, which one woman told me bear beautiful flowers in the right season, smelling like tuberose.

We do wish we could meet more of the local people at

Along rough roads of the outback



ABORIGINAL with spears for sale waits with his little daughter by the roadside 150 miles south of Darwin.

near about the country but the trial must go on, and so must we.

Here in Broome, on the Indian Ocean, the white-washed houses have their tin roofs pinned down against gales by iron stanchions which rise from verandah railings to the roofs.

At the Redex Control hard working women provided good meals of steak and eggs, and we stayed at the home of Mrs. Dermot Farrell, whose husband is a local Humber representative.

As well as working like a slave at control, Mrs. Farrell has 18 Redex men at her home as well as us, and her husband. With her aboriginal helper, Topsy, she took the men's boiler suits and put them in the washing machine, and soon lines of clean clothes were flapping in the sun.

Family interest

BROOME interests me particularly as my grandfather was resident government medical officer there in the 1890's, when it was a roaring pearling town. Though pearl fishing still continues, Japanese labor is now lacking. There is still 'Chinatown' but the general feeling is that the town is on the down grade.

Drivers Nan Broughton and Enid Nunn are sleeping on the air-wired-in verandahs as this is written. Both say constant staring at the road continues after they close their eyes at night and they can still see the stretches ahead.

Enid and Nan have blistered hands from gripping the steering wheel over the rough roads, and we are all tired from the vibration. The drivers' eyes suffer in spite of polaroid glasses, and they bathe them with special lotion.

Even in the tiniest towns women have been waiting in groups to see us. Many have made a day of it, coming a long way from distant properties and telling us, "now I'll have something to talk about for the next month!"

At Flora Valley homestead, Mrs. Bill Atkinson, whose husband manages the property, was standing at the gateway checking numbers of cars which passed through, and an ambulance was waiting in case of emergency jobs.

In this stretch there were many gates to be opened and shut, but most properties had

owners, managers, or aboriginal stockmen there to open and close the gates.

All cars had to carry provisions and water for one week.

The Fitzroy Crossing, which blocks communications when the river is in flood, was negotiated with the water well below the causeway.

Along the red dust road to Broome from Derby, we passed over the Langi, infested with crocodiles, their tracks plainly seen on the sloping banks.

At Broome we caught up with the crew of Lothar, and were glad to hear they were doing well.

Tomorrow we will be back in Narda, on our non-stop journey of 30 hours to Meekatharra—and a twelve hours' rest.

However, in spite of these non-stop journeys, I have felt more tired when sitting up all night on an interstate train than I do now.

We've had no time to worry over make-up, which, of course, has been quite obvious to the many people who cheered us along the route through New South Wales and Queensland.

We were reminded of our appearance first by a small, candid boy at Hughenden, Queensland. He stepped from the crowd and said, "You're the three ladies who were on the cover of The Australian Women's Weekly. You look different now."

We agreed with the small boy. Our once-white boiler suits were stained and filthy from the bog in which our car had stuck a few miles before we reached the town, and our faces and hair were covered with a film of fine, reddish dust.

When we arrived at Darwin we had lost 245 points after late arrival caused by a damaged gear box.

From Mt. Isa to Darwin there was no secret control, unlike the cloak-and-dagger control spring on contestants just out of Cloncurry, Queensland.

On this stretch I turned on our Kriesler radio—a portable specially packed so that it would not jolt or break—and listened to the news, plus the latest reports of the Redex trials.

The road from Cloncurry to Mt. Isa was the most fantastic I have ever seen.

Purposely we took time and caution over this section, pre-



AT BROOME: Helen Frizzell types her story while Nan Broughton looks on and Enid Nunn relaxes in bed shortly after the team arrived in Broome.

ferring to lose points rather than wreck the car.

The average speed of 28 miles an hour set for this section was managed only by a few of the men contestants.

We struck everything on the road from Townsville to Mt. Isa. It included water, mud, chunks of rock, hundreds of creek crossings, a bog, and a wild pig the size of a Shetland pony, which bolted out of the night to cannon against the back of the car.

We drove for 19 solid hours, striking the worst stretch of the road at night. Across the flat plains near Hughenden the Redex cars strung out like a shipping convoy, their lights fanning out on either side.

Dug with hands

WE were running well to time when a few miles before Hughenden we dipped down to a damp creek crossing, mostly sand, with water underlying it.

The car ahead of us bogged there and the crew signalled us saying there was a detour to the right that other cars had got through without bogging.

We tried this, but the big car, plus its load of gear, churned deep into the sand.

We all sprang out, grabbed rolls of coir matting, and shoved them under the wheels.

With a shovel and our hands we scraped the smelly sand away, then Enid at the wheel tried to get the car out. It was no good. We just got deeper in.

Much pushing went on until the Cinesound crew came to our rescue with four local men

who said they had lifted at least 15 cars from the sand during the day.

After this, we got moving once again.

Another incident happened when a broken cattle grid caused the cars to leave the road and make their own detour through the high, spiky grass. Hidden in the grass was a tough tree stump, which jammed beneath our car.

It could have been a bad mishap, but we managed to jack her off and continue.

The dawn showed us our first glimpse of the real inland, dotted with reddish, magnetic anthills.

The dust was terrific. It infiltrated everywhere and was blinding. Although the car windows were closed, we soon became covered with a film of dust, which also penetrated my typewriter.

Mt. Isa, with its tall mine-shafts towering above the control points, was a welcome sight.

Southward down the road to Darwin our car drove by the Manuka's grave, made famous by his wife, Mrs. Aeneas Gunn, in her book "We Of The Never Never," in which she describes her life when, as a young bride in the 'nineties, she went to live at "Elsey" station.

We arrived at Darwin filthy, with hands and nails blackened and our hair full of dust.

We felt it was hardly worth while removing the grime because the 25-hour drive to Christmas Creek ahead of us would take us again through the notorious "bull dust," which is the local name for the fine, talcum-like dust that is apt to hang in the air.

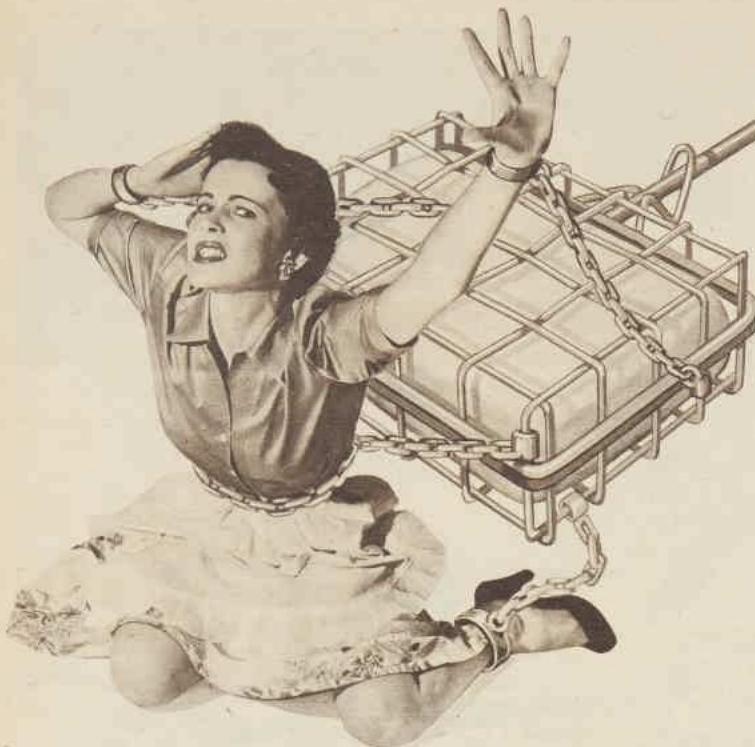


ROUND THE BRAZIER, crews of Redex trial cars gather for welcome warmth at the junction of the Stuart and Barkley Highways, after the cold night drive from Mt. Isa.



TEAMS MEET. Our team, Helen, Enid, and Nan (in background), meet the Daily Telegraph team at Darwin. The men are Tom Farrell (left) and Frank Denley. Their co-driver, John Jones, took the pictures on this page.

DON'T BE CHAINED TO THE OLD BAR-SOAP HABIT!



Rinso sets you FREE from dishwashing drudgery ...GETS DISHES CLEANER TWICE AS FAST

In home after home all through Australia, more housewives wash-up with Rinso than with any other soap product, because Rinso is fastest for dishes . . . kind to hands. Sprinkle a little Rinso into the sink after tea to-night—see how those thicker, richer suds dissolve grease from plates and pots and pans! And those Rinso suds stay lively right to the end of the biggest stack of washing-up . . . a thing you never get from slow, skimpy bar-soap suds. Cutlery, plates and glasses gleam. Modern housewives agree Rinso's as good for dishes as for clothes.

Mrs. Farrer of Chapel Road, Bankstown, says:



Z348.WW1419

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CORONATION MEMENTO

Twelve months' planning and skilled work by Britain's finest pottery craftsmen have produced a superb Coronation Vase, the gift of the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation to Queen Elizabeth.

THE Duchess of Gloucester is presenting replicas of the vase to High Commissioners of the seven Commonwealth countries, and to representatives of the four "mother countries" of the Commonwealth—England, Scotland, Northern Ireland, and Wales.

The vase was designed by 75-year-old John Wadsworth, N.R.D., M.S.I.A., art director and designer of the pottery firm of Mintons, to commemorate the Coronation of Her Majesty, and to symbolise the Commonwealth of which she was proclaimed head.

The finished vase, as he designed it, is one of the most complicated pieces of bone china ever created.

A crown surmounts the lid of the vase, which is 25½ in. high and 11½ in. around its widest part.

A moulded wooden base of Australian black bean brings the total weight of the vase to 29 lb.

As John Wadsworth designed it, the vase is ten-sided.

At the top of the front centre panel of each vase is reproduced the Royal Coat-of-Arms on a shield, and flanking it on the two adjacent panels are four smaller shields bearing the floral emblems of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

On each of the seven remaining panels are slightly larger shields bearing the floral emblems of the Realms of the Commonwealth and the Republic of India—the Australian wattle, Canada's maple leaf, the New Zealand fern, the protea of South Africa, the Indian lotus rising from the water, the lotus of Ceylon, and a miniature reproduction of the Pakistan Arms of State.

Around the plinth of the vase is the inscription: "To commemorate the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II."

The Royal Cipher decorates the middle of the centre



POURING CLAY into the mould, Reuben Lockett, 42, Mintons, performs the potting of the Queen's vase.

back panel on each vase. In the case of Scotland, the Royal Crown of Scotland has been used instead of the Cipher, and the reference to Elizabeth II has been omitted.

The vases presented to the Commonwealth countries each bear, below the Royal Coat-of-Arms, the Coat-of-Arms or State Emblem of the country to which that particular vase has been presented.

Below the appropriate National Coat-of-Arms each vase has ten niches, one in each of the panels, in each of which is a colored model of one of the Queen's ten Beasts.

The incorporation of the Queen's Beasts in the vase enriches its decoration with a heraldic symbolism linked with the Coronation.

Since about the 14th century these "beasts" have been used as the personal badge of

nobility. Their use was revived for the Coronation, being chosen to illustrate Queen's Royal descent.

The Queen's ten beasts are the Lion of England, theiffin of Edward III, the Falcon of the Plantagenets, the Black Bull of Clarence, the White Lion of Mortimer, the Yale Beaufort, the White Greyhound of Richmond, the Red Dragon of Wales, the Union of Scotland, and the White Horse of Hanover.

In March, 1953, Colonel A. Wade, M.C., J.P., chairman of the Wade Group, suggested that the federation should produce in her honor the best piece of craftsmanship china of which the pottery industry was capable.

The design and the skill work involved was to be carried out within the industry.

In April, designers of the Fine China Group were invited to submit their designs for a special Coronation Vase Committee.

Wadsworth's design having been approved by the committee, the vase was modelled in clay and a mould made in plaster. This part of the work was carried out by Alan Moore, modeller at Mintons, and took five months.

Casting of the moulds, glazing, coloring, gilding, and painting were carried out by the finest craftsmen.

The result of their efforts can be seen on the opposite page in a color reproduction of the Queen's vase, which will be kept at Windsor Castle.

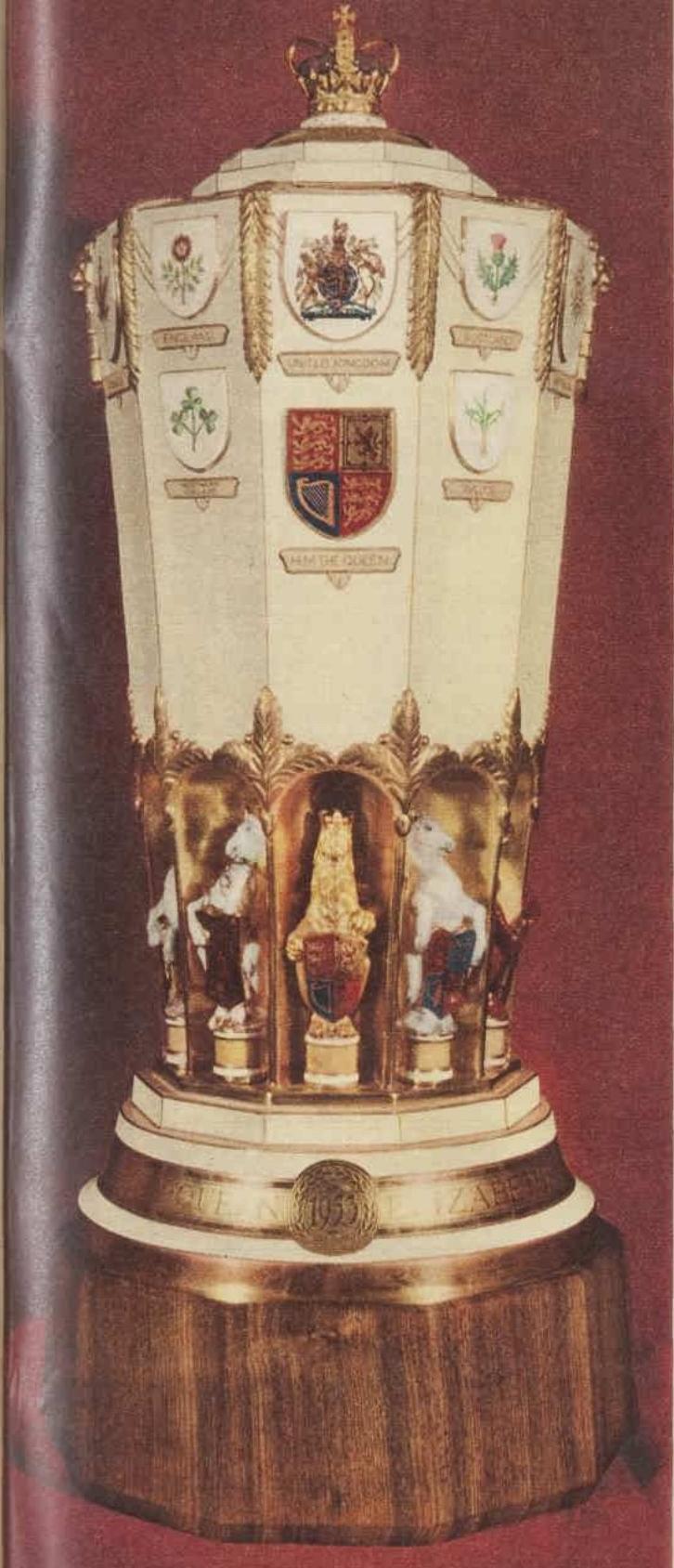
The four replicas presented to the "mother countries" will be lodged in the Tower of London, the Palace of Holyrood House in Scotland, the Parliament building at Stormont, Northern Ireland, and the National Museum of Wales.



POTTERY ARTIST at Mintons, Arthur D. Holland, 58, paints the emblems, cipher, and crests on the vase. He has worked in the pottery industry for 45 years. Between 40 and 50 colors were used in the finished vase.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1953

THE QUEEN'S VASE



FRONT VIEW of the Queen's vase shows the Royal Standard below the United Kingdom's Coat of Arms, with the Tudor Rose, Scots Thistle, Irish Shamrock, and Welsh Leek flanking them. Three centre-front niches show a gilded Lion of England bearing the U.K. Royal Arms, flanked by the Unicorn of Scotland and the White Horse of Hanover.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954

So right
for so many
gift occasions...

"Old Gold"

AUSTRALIA'S FAVOURITE BOX OF CHOCOLATES



When you give

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At the theatre . . . for birthdays or anniversaries . . . or as a thoughtful gesture of your appreciation, a box of "Old Gold" Chocolates makes a gift you know is right. The $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. box contains 24 delicious chocolates, including 17 different varieties. It's Australia's favourite box of chocolates.

"Say it with
Old Gold!"



Made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery

MOHAI

Page 23

Here's
the way to
low-cost
bathing luxury

Challenger

KEROSINE OPERATED BATH HEATER

GIVES MORE..

More usefulness—Challenger's sturdy construction of heavily nickel-plated, corrosion-proof copper and brass means lifetime durability. It's simple and speedy in operation... no pumping, priming or pre-heating... just strike a match and in 60 seconds step under a hot shower.

SAVES MORE..

More economy—three to four steaming hot baths or numerous showers from one quart of kerosine. Compact and attractive design saves floor space... harmonizes with the neatest bathroom.

WORTH MORE

More value is built into a Challenger in every way—in design... operation... in service. Easy to instal and readily connected to town main or tank.

Supplied complete with anti-down-draught cowl and 9 feet of flue.

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MOTHER



"Just ignore them... I never interfere with their private quarrels."

KEY POSITION



"Oh dear! John just went to get the car—and here are his keys."

Catch cold easily?

If your family, young or old, catch cold easily, they lack vital elements that would give them resistance. They are wide open to bronchial infections and each new cold breaks down the bodily defences still further. These defences must be built up.

NEW KNOWLEDGE ABOUT WINTER'S ILLS

The latest discoveries of modern science on winter ailments support a well-tried remedy. Scott's Emulsion taken regularly gives winter-long protection.

Scott's Emulsion—the first palatable form of Cod Liver Oil. Children love it. Its natural richness in the all-important vitamins A and D, reduces the risk of infection and supports the body's fight against throat and chest troubles. It is reinforced by tonic hypophosphites to complete its wonderful strengthening effect on the body. And its smooth, creamy consistency is extremely soothing to irritated membranes.

3-WAY ACTION RELIEVES COUGHS

Scott's Emulsion with soothing glycerine, first lubricates the irritated, inflamed areas of the throat. Then its powerful vitamin action stimulates the body to resist and defeat infection and the complications that could result from it. Then its tonic properties build sturdy resistance to further attacks.

Scott's Emulsion is a scientific treatment, proven over 75 years the world over. Taken regularly, it not only clears up coughs and colds, but safeguards the system against them.

SCOTT'S Emulsion



15 hairstyles for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYFET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated **CURLYFET**—squeeze **CURLYFET** into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated **CURLYFET** for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

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CNS.

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS & ACID

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatic Nerves, Leg Palms, Back Lumbago, Nervousness, Headache and Colds, Dixieas, Circles Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite, your system is poisoned—your kidneys are the vital process of your kidney. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be full kidneys function normally unless with Cystex. Take one tablet daily, start with 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist, or store to-day. It's prove satisfactory or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1951

It seems to me

SYDNEY, so someone has predicted, will soon be among the dirtiest cities in the world if factory smoke goes unchecked.

It's none too clean now, but I wouldn't have worried seriously about it if I had not read a B.B.C. talk about what happens to British moths in industrial cities.

Dr. Bernard Kettlewell, an Oxford entomologist, said on the B.B.C. that within the last century 46 species of moths in industrial areas have become black.

Dr. Kettlewell has been studying this change at his laboratory, feeding moths on soot sent from the air filters of the Royal Festival Hall in London. (You heard.) He says that these new black forms of moths have gained in their capacity for survival.

As moths don't wash their necks and are not subject to the pressure of cosmetic advertising, I suppose the evolutionary change is bound to be faster than in humans. All the same, it's worth thinking about, isn't it?

Obviously, city dwellers have two choices before them. Either they can conquer the smoke and remain the various shades of pinks and yellows which are lumped together racially under the heading of white, or they can consider the moths and weigh the advantages of an increased capacity for survival against a grey complexion.

OUT of the long reports of the Royal Commission on Espionage emerged one trifle of special feminine interest.

Mrs. Petrov was telling the story of her journey in the plane to Darwin after the melee at the airport in Sydney where she had lost one of her shoes. She described how the hostess had been kind to her and lent her shoes.

Then she said: "Although they were rather large for me, I put them on because I knew that I would have to leave the aircraft at Darwin, not permanently, but just to walk around."

"Although they were rather large for me," Obviously the little feminine vanities survive in an ideological system.

THERE has been some talk lately of "Mom-ism," an American term coined to describe the domination of the female.

Evidently this domination is much more noticeable in America than here. I don't think Australian men need be seriously worried yet, as witness the following:

A harassed father whose wife fell ill could find no one at short notice to look after the baby, rang up a city creche, which agreed to mind baby for the day.

The efficient and pleasant nursing sister in charge of the creche mentioned 4.45 p.m. as the time for collecting babies and remarked: "There are usually about 14 or 15 mothers lined up at that time, so if you're a little late it won't matter."

"Good," said the grateful father, "I'll just come along and take my place in the queue."

"Oh no," said the sister. "Don't worry about that. We always give a man priority."

THE quarrel between Norman von Nida and some London golf writers makes interesting reading.

It appears that Von Nida told some of them they didn't know the game, and used the word "prerogative," at which the "Daily Express" man asked, "How do you spell prerogative?"

Von Nida walked away, remarking later, "This reporter paid me the greatest insult I have received in golf."

I have been thinking about this quite a lot. The reporter must have lost his temper completely to ask this question. Little as I know about golf (I had three lessons once and found it too hard), I am sure that spelling is no qualification.

But why Von Nida considered it as the greatest insult he had received in golf I am at a loss to know.

It sounds like one of those ding-dong arguments full of irrelevancies, which are usually regarded as the prerogative of women. (Now bring out your niblicks!) *

ETIQUETTE books will have to be sharply revised in the light of mid-twentieth-century life.

Budge Patty, the American tennis star, is said to carry a miniature microphone under his tie connected to a pocket wire recorder, enabling him to record the conversation of friends.

It is to be hoped that the notion will gradually take hold that this is not according to the spirit of Emily Post, otherwise it will spell the death of conversation.

Personally, I'd settle, in preference, for an escort who ate peas with his knife.

FURRIERS during London fur week showed mink covers for portable typewriters, designed to match the well-dressed secretary's mink coat.

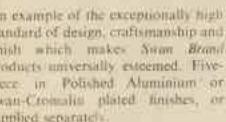
Aren't fashion changes trying? Just have to toss out our old silver-fox typewriter covers, I suppose.

SNORING may be based on race memory, said Dr. A. H. Douthwaite addressing the B.M.A. conference in Glasgow. He said it had been suggested that the primitive male had snored to keep marauders away from his den.

Thus he dreams, and doesn't know (Neither does his nerve-racked spouse)

That the early rooster's crow,
Creak of boards in silent house,
Rattle of a milkman's cart,
Whistle of a passing train,
Trace an ancient memory chart
On his sleeping, passive brain.

Cheer up, lady, and reflect,
As you stop your shattered ears,
That his motive's to protect,
And in far, primeval years
You were grateful as your brave
With his hearty, indrawn snores
In a prehistoric cave
Kept at bay the dinosaurs.



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the beautiful
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TEA SET

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Special Feature

Flower Arrangements

Artistic flower arrangements are no longer the prerogative of experts. They are created by busy young housewives and mothers—the outcome of observation, knowledge, and patience. The designs in this section have been collected over a period of time and should be a help to any woman "doing the flowers."

THE flower-loving homemaker is forever seeking knowledge on flower arrangement. No matter how limited her time, she does not cram a precious bunch of flowers into a vase and hope for the best.

All the flower pieces in this special feature were arranged by experts.

Each flower piece is a lesson in form and shape, in the selection of color, color combinations, symmetry, and balance, and also in the choice of container, which must always be complementary to the flowers but must not overshadow the composition of the arrangement.

Pedestal arrangements are again in favor, as many of you will be surprised to see.

Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, an authority on flower arrangement and the author of two books on the subject, favors them for room decor when entertaining in the home.

Pedestal pieces

WHEN the furniture has to be moved around for a buffet or cocktail party," she says, "the pedestal can be placed against a plain wall and contribute much to the color and charm of the room. And, moreover, it does not clutter up the room when people are walking around. It can also be used as the focal point of the entrance-hall decor.

"In wintertime, when the furniture is grouped around the fire, the pedestal wall arrangement can become one of the highlights of the decorative scheme."

According to Mrs. Blaxland, the height of the pedestal itself should be under 4 ft. and the flower arrangement, measuring from the base of the container to the tip of the highest spike, may vary between 2 ft. and 2 ft. 6 in.

Some interesting points on flower selection, treatment, and arrangement are given on pages 26 and 27 by Berlin Spiro, of Auckland, New Zealand.

Mr. Spiro, who studied the art overseas, is a well-known judge of, and also lectures on, flower arrangement to various horticultural societies in New Zealand.

Your flowers will last much longer if you treat freshly cut blooms by proved methods.

Recent discoveries by researches at American universities show that tepid water is best to keep roses, carnations, snapdragons, and spring flowers fresh. Actually, they should be placed in deep tepid water in a cool place for an hour or two before arranging.

The stems should be cut diagonally with a sharp knife and not with scissors, as scissors may crush the little water channels in the stems.

Bulbous flowers like daffodils, tulips, and



iris should be cut above the white base of the stem.

Woody stems, including lilacs, stocks, chrysanthemums, roses, tiger lilies, hydrangeas, should have a special type of stem treatment to enable them to absorb water.

Foliage should be removed about two-thirds of the way up the stalk. The base of roses, hydrangeas, and stock may be scraped from 2 to 5 inches (in proportion to the length of the stem), to expose more cut surface for the intake of water. Hard-stemmed flowers such as lilacs and chrysanthemums should be crushed slightly with a hammer or something heavy to expose the cells to water.

They should then be placed in cold, deep water for some time before arranging.

Bleeding and hollow-stemmed blooms such as poinsettias, poppies, zinnias, delphiniums, dahlias, maiden-hair fern—in fact all stemmed plants which excrete a sticky substance—should be seared over a flame for about five seconds and placed in cold water before arranging.

Always remove foliage below the water level to prevent its decay, which shortens the life of the arrangement, and keep your flower pieces away from direct sunshine and from winter fires. Flowers cannot stand the heat; nor do they like draughts.

SPRING BLOSSOMS are used in this beautifully proportioned design, which includes azaleas, daffodils, arum lilies, English may, and white tulips, with an ivy trail for decorative emphasis. A picture of a staircase forms an effective background for the charming arrangement.

One brushing proves it!

KOLYNOS STOPS ACID ACTION OF TOOTH-DECAYING ENZYMES!



* Dental Science agrees enzymes turn starches and sugars into tooth-decaying mouth acids.

**ONLY KOLYNOS
DESTROYS UP TO
92% OF DECAY
GERMS—STOPS
BAD BREATH—
DEEP-CLEANS
YOUR TEETH**

Just brushing your teeth with any anti-enzyme dentifrice will *not* give the *complete* protection you need.

That special enzyme-destroying ingredient *must* be combined with a toothpaste that deep-cleans your teeth—*otherwise its full benefits will be lost!*

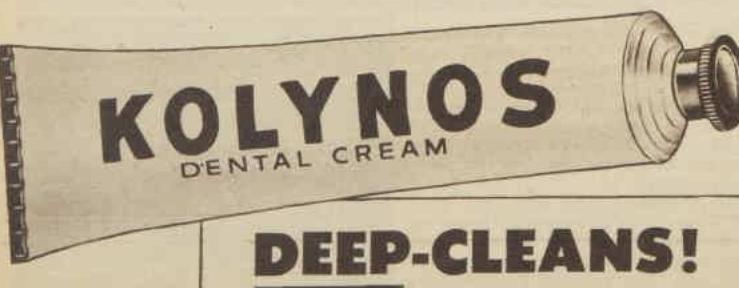
Kolynos Toothpaste combines a special enzyme-destroying ingredient with a foaming, deep-cleaning action. The very instant you brush your teeth, Kolynos bursts into millions of anti-decay bubbles. These carry the enzyme-destroying ingredient into every tooth crevice . . . deep-cleaning . . . destroying decay germs . . . polish-

ing your teeth . . . sweetening your breath.

So change to Kolynos—the only toothpaste that destroys up to 92% of decay germs, stops bad breath and deep-cleans your teeth at the same time. Ask for Kolynos next time you are shopping.

PROOF FROM UNIVERSITIES

Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove that one brushing with Kolynos destroys up to 92% of dental decay germs in the mouth.



RULES TO FOLLOW



GOOD DESIGN and arrangement of a finished flower piece is shown in this picture. The principles for simple arrangements such as this are outlined on these pages.

- Although there is no set style or formula for arranging flowers, there are a few basic steps which the beginner and those who lack natural artistry can follow to obtain attractive, colorful, and well-balanced designs.

IN any flower arrangement the size of the room, the background, and where the flowers are to be placed must be considered.

The vertical, or tapering, facing arrangement which is dealt with on these pages is a style suitable for most rooms and is a very easy one to execute. The first step, with either a selected or variegated color range of flowers, is to sort the flowers into their respective lengths: tall, medium, and short.

This is a pattern of nature which is seen in many stalk-bearing flowers.

The slender bud tips are at the top and descend through half-open blooms into the fully open flowers. This pattern can be followed in the vertical style of arrangement with good effect.

No one should attempt to arrange flowers without treating them first. Hints are given on page 25 on how to

treat the succulents, including jonquils, daffodils, violets, primroses, and similar types of flowers; the woody stalks such as hydrangeas, roses, stock, and lilac; and the hollow-stemmed varieties such as poppies, delphiniums, dahlias, and poinsettias.



PICTURE above shows a bowl of stock loosely and artistically arranged in a container that is in proportion to the design.

WRONG. The same flowers pushed into a bowl in a tight mass show an arrangement lacking balance and artistry.

By BERIN SPIRO,
New Zealand
flower expert.

An important part of the treatment of all types of freshly cut flowers is that they are placed in water for some time before arranging.

Another point to remember is that flower-heads should be kept well clear of water to avoid the danger of water-logging.

Give them room to breathe and you will find as they absorb water the stalks of many flowers will take on attractive curves which will help in an arrangement.

Containers and holders

MAKE sure that your containers are thoroughly clean inside and out. Be careful to check them for cracks or seepage. To check for seepage, fill the container with water while you are sorting the flowers and stand on a piece of board.

If there is any evidence of seepage, a piece of felt or bâche glued to the base will help lessen the chances of the moisture penetrating to any polished surface.

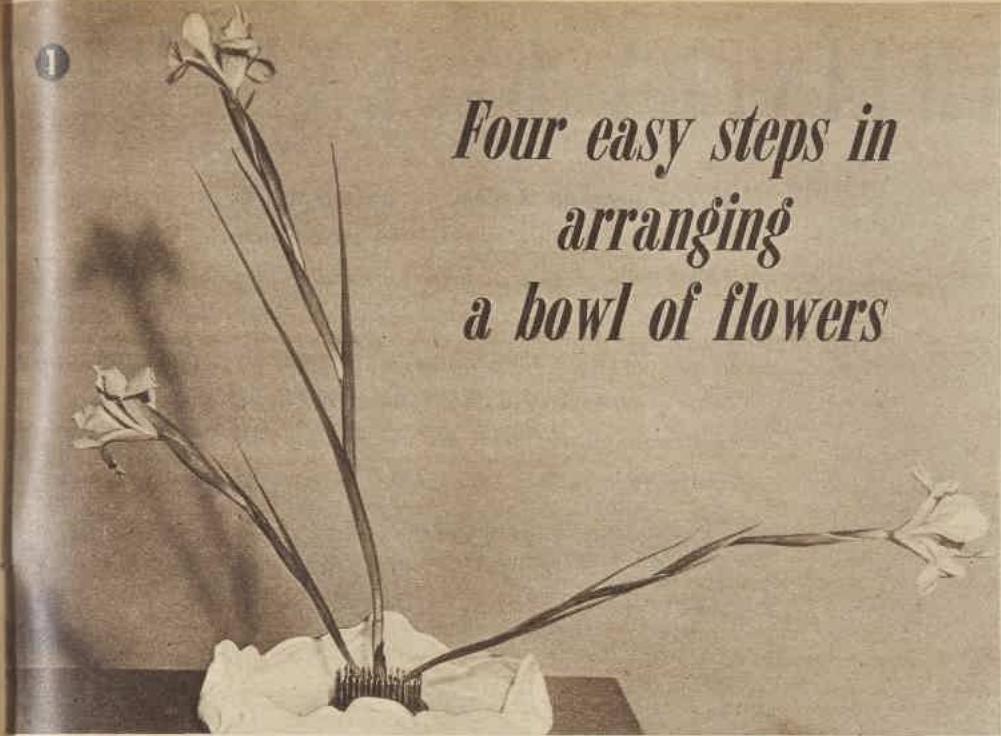
I prefer to use the word container in preference to vase. This is because so many and varied pieces of discarded china or pottery can be used.

An old soup tureen, water pitcher, bowl, or even a chipped teapot will lend character and help to add to the originality of your flower pieces.

All kinds of holders or floral aids are available, but crumpled chicken-wire, weighted with lead, and needlepoint holders are generally favored.

For a tall, wide-mouthed vase that takes a lot of flowers without giving a definite form, a simple and effective holder can be made with a crosspiece of pliable wood, such as willow sticks.

Simply cut two or more lengths of stick so they fit



ELEMENTARY PLACEMENT. Three stalks of iris placed in the needleholder in the container give the outline that is followed for the colorful and arresting arrangement that is described on these pages.



NEXT, shorter-stemmed flowers are arranged in the container to build up the "foundation" of the composition.



AS THE THIRD STEP, heavier-stalked flowers are carefully placed to cover the stems of the blooms already in position. Camera angles in these pictures are not identical.



COMPLETED ARRANGEMENT. The bowl with its complete arrangement of Rarotonga lilies, iris, and ageratum presents well-proportioned design and harmonious color.

firmly across the inside of the vase about two or three inches down from the top.

Split the sticks for half their length and place crosswise in the vase. The slit sticks will hold the first flower stalks securely and facilitate the beginning of a design.

Composition or form

The composition or form is based on the way in which flowers are arranged. Height and width are important.

Illustrated are two vertical arrangements, one composed of iris and gerbera, the other of iris, ageratum, and Rarotonga lily. A shallow white container and a needleholder are used for both.

The first step in this arrangement is to form the outline for the design. Take the longest iris stem and, holding the stalk near the base, insert firmly into the needleholder (see picture showing

elementary placement). This will be your topmost flower.

Then to the left or right make a corresponding lateral placement. This is the secondary placement.

Next, slightly to the right and above, place the third or tertiary line to give the outline of the arrangement.

Now take the medium-length stalks and more open flowers and place them at approximately two-thirds of the height of the first three placements, following the same principles as for the first steps.

Use heavier stalks first, as fine stalks will fit more easily among heavy stalks than vice versa. Look along the sides and back of the arrangement to see that stems are not leaning too far forward or falling back, but are firm and evenly balanced in the holder. Working gradually towards the base of the container, fill out the line of the design with the remaining short-stemmed flowers.

Four easy steps in arranging a bowl of flowers



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Now — this extra-rich lanolin cream — homogenized for deeper softening.

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Start now to offset this loss of natural skin oil with this special oil-replacing cream — Pond's Dry Skin Cream. It is exceptionally rich in lanolin — the "restorative" oil so much like your skin's own oil.

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Every night circle Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face and throat. Dry skin just "drinks up" this homogenized lanolin cream. Those peely, coarsening patches, dry lines, smooth out. You'll see a quick difference in your skin.



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Lanolin-richness you can SEE in its creamier texture! Lanolin-richness you can FEEL in its smoother, full consistency!

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FISHER'S Polishing WAX

- ★ It's clear and does not darken or change the colours of your lino.
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• "Birds in Paradise," by the well-known artist Paul Jones, is a charming fantasy that every reader will study with interest but few will dare to copy. The structural frame of the arrangement was a whitewashed branch of a peach tree set in a small urn. To this the artist tied the blooms, baubles, grasses, strung the beads, and poised the butterfly and birds; he filled in the base with grapes, flowers, and berries.

• The pedestal is ideal for a dramatic flower arrangement and its revival will be welcomed by artistic homemakers. Three examples of such wall arrangements, done by experts, are featured here. Other experts' compositions on these pages illustrate the charm of a one-color piece, modern "line" arrangement for lounge or living room, entrance hall, and mantelpiece decoration, and the effectiveness of combining foliage and few flowers in modern rooms.



• Superb pedestal arrangement (above left) by Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, of Woollahra, N.S.W., is a lesson in floral artistry and balance. In the composition are gladioli, molucca balm, roses, carnations, hydrangea, and sword fern.



• Pedestal arrangement (above) by Mrs. Dundas Allen, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., was inspired by the miniatures on the wall of her drawing-room. The effect is light, delicate, and charming.

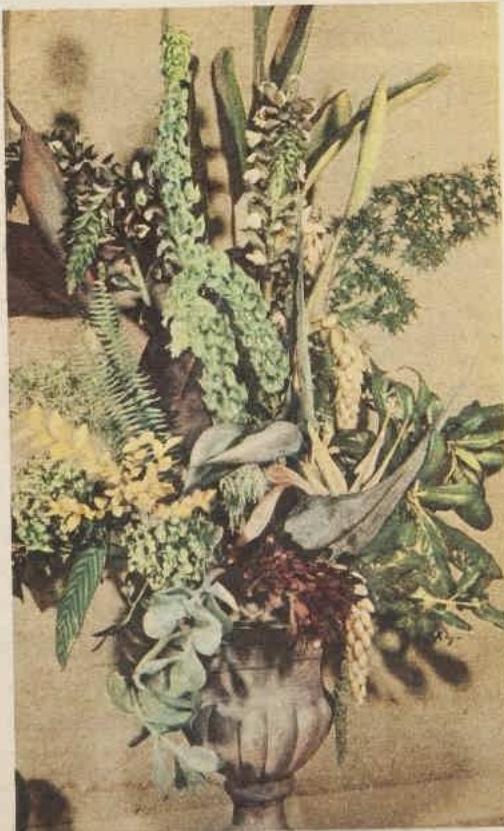
• Lovely one-color flower piece of crinum or "belladonna" lilies and dahlias in a bowl arranged by Mrs. T. H. Fidler, of Roseville, N.S.W. Note the upright grouping of lilies, how the dahlias are swept to the right, and the way some lilies droop over the bowl's rim.



• "October Idyll." Mid-spring charm captured in a tureen arrangement by Mrs. E. A. McIntosh, of Berry, N.S.W. Tall spikes of frothy blossom arranged fanwise against a wall are broken here and there by arum lilies, and the centre filled in with fragrant blooms. The leaf trail at the base gives perfect balance.



• Striking composition by Mrs. K. Flitton, of Normanhurst, N.S.W. Giant chrysanthemums and leaves in a flat bowl for hall or mantelpiece show how difficult-to-arrange blooms like these suit modern "line" arrangements.



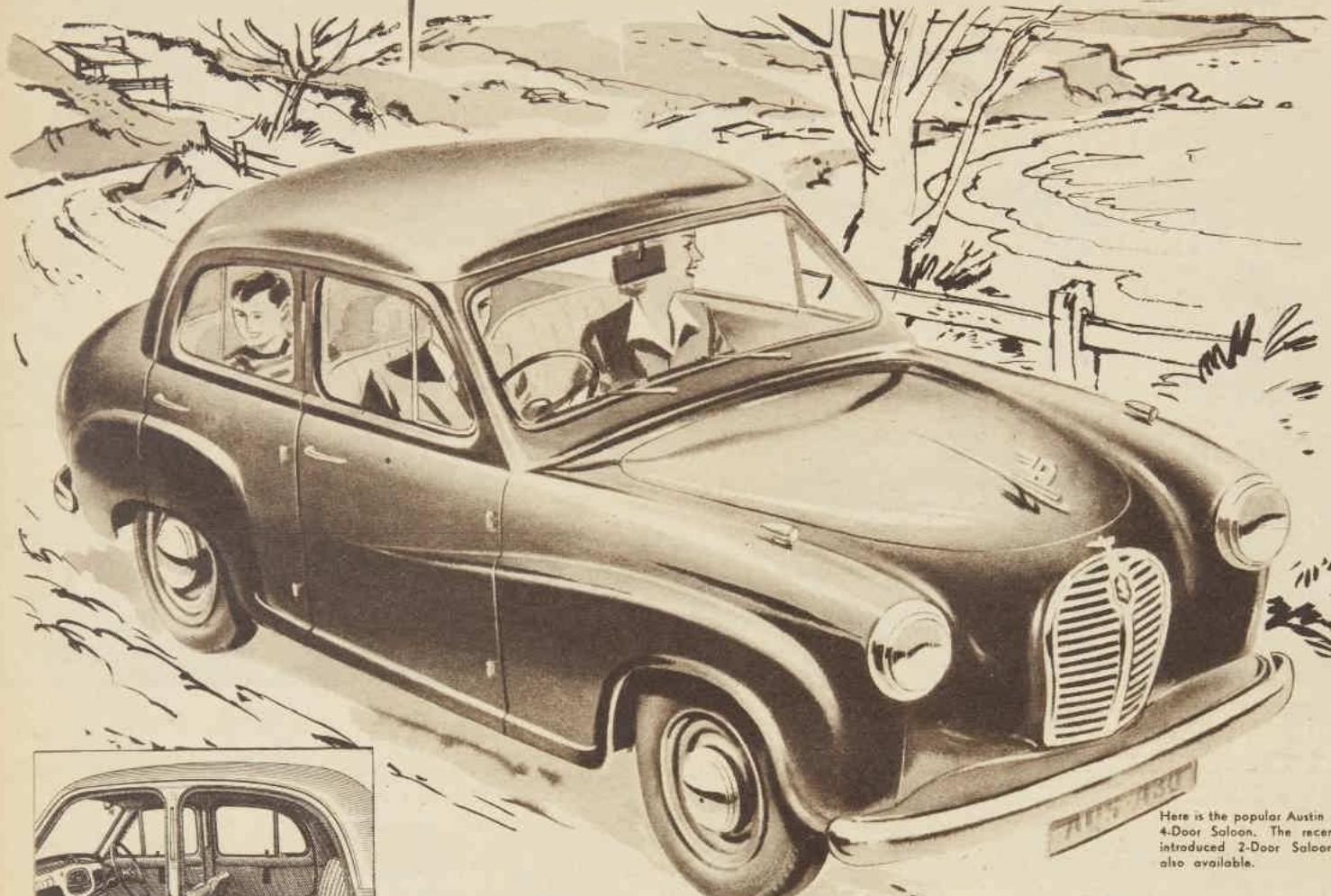
• Urn arrangement by Mrs. Gordon Russell, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., demonstrates the dramatic effects to be achieved by using foliage of varying shapes and colors and very few flowers. Smaller scale arrangements like this, which was designed for a reception, suit modern rooms.



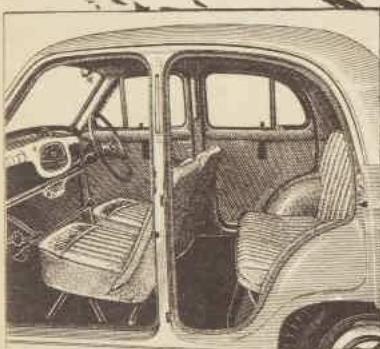
• Tall, spiked lily leaves and the rounded leaves of the saxifrage set in a flat bowl make an interesting background for cactus dahlias in this modern arrangement for a hall table or mantelpiece, photographed at a display by the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W.

*Now, more than ever,
it's the
Luxury Car of the
Low-Priced field . . .*

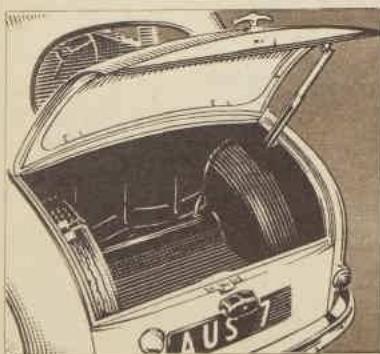
Announcing New Refinements to the AUSTIN A30



Here is the popular Austin A30 4-Door Saloon. The recently-introduced 2-Door Saloon is also available.



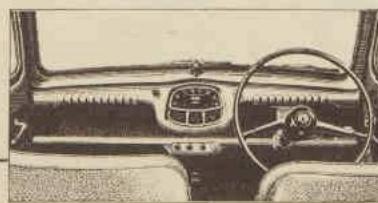
Room with a view. Ample room for four, with splendid all-round vision. Dunlopillo foam rubber seating. Quarter ventilating windows on all doors. New interior trim and fittings.



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With its lively, 8.3 horsepower engine, the Austin A30 gives truly exceptional performance . . . takes four and luggage, fast (over 60) and economically (up to 50 miles per gallon). This is a car you should see.



Good driving made easy. Distinctive, new, easy-to-read instrument panel. Beneath this is a full-width shelf for road map, gloves and the usual motoring oddments.

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Worth Reporting

An unerring sense of knowing exactly what she wants has characterised Mrs. Petrov's shopping expeditions in Melbourne. Salesgirls have been fascinated by her painstaking manner of choosing.

Mrs. Esme Hockey, who saw her in a Collins Street shoe-store, said the tiny, quiet-spoken customer in the musquash fur coat asked to see court shoes.

She went on trying them on until she had exhausted the store's winter supply of red courts. As each pair was returned to its box, Mrs. Petrov explained sweetly exactly what she did not like about it.

She was very taken with a pair of red lizard-skin courts, but explained decisively to Mrs. Hockey, "That heel, it is too heavy."

Mrs. Petrov settled for the plain red calf shoes with the high-heeled heels the moment they were shown her.

"I knew who I was serving," Esme Hockey grinned, "but I didn't let her guess."

"I will admit, though, I studied her rather more intently than I do the usual customer, as I knew it was a unique opportunity for a close-up of the woman every woman has been wanting to eye."

"She had just had her hair permed, and seemed to appreciate my remarking that it looked pretty."

ONE of our colleagues—a shameless eavesdropper—reports the following conversation:

Worried client to manicurist: "Whatever can I do about my fingernails? They've been splitting and breaking lately."

Manicurist: "Well, we always recommend *kalsomine* tablets."

Jigsaw Story Contest

Contest rules

CASH prizes worth £2000 will be given in our big Jigsaw Story Contest. The first prize is £1000 and other prizes total £1000.

You are asked to send us a story or dialogue of 350 to 500 words, taking your sentences "readymade" from The Australian Women's Weekly.

The eight issues from which you may take material are dated from June 16 to August 4. Entries close on August 25.

The sentences or paragraphs need not be used in consecutive order. The opening paragraph, for instance, may come from the July 21 issue and be followed by one from the June 16 issue. But your finished story must include something from each of the eight issues.

You may extract any single phrase of not less than eight words, and you may use a single complete sentence however long or short, or several consecutive sentences, or even paragraphs from one source if you wish.

Readers have written to ask whether the story must have a title. The title is not compulsory, but if you use one it must be taken directly from The Australian Women's Weekly. You must also give the page number and date of issue as you do with the other material.



"I still think the old car towed better than this one."

A rolling bank gathers dough

SHOPKEEPERS and owners

of small businesses in Perth no longer have to shut up shop while they go into town to bank.

A private banking firm now has a 6-ton van which cruises suburban streets and brings the bank right to their front door.

The inside of the van is rather like a luxury-fitted transcontinental train and the staff of three work behind bullet-proof glass windows.

Entrance to the teller's desk is up the steps of the back of the van and there are leather stools in the "foyer" for waiting customers.

A corridor at the side leads through to the manager's "office" where industrial finance can be discussed behind soundproof doors. The "office" also serves as a dining-room and sleeping quarters for the staff on country runs.

Tea is made on a petrol stove and it usually falls to the lot of the teller to do the washing-up in the swaying compartment, while the van is on its way to the next stopping place.

The night the ghosts danced

RECENTLY, the Apex Club of Bendigo (Vic.) organised a charity ball which we, being easily frightened mortals, are glad we didn't attend.

The name of the hall alone, "Phantom Follies," would have been enough to scare us.

The imaginative (or morbid-minded) young business men responsible for the decorations laid the stage out as a graveyard and stood skeletons and coffins against the walls.

Shapes of witches, ghosts and skeletons shone in an eerie luminous lighting.

The 40 hosts, who spent three months working on the macabre decorations, dressed as phantoms to greet their 1200 guests.

However, we feel sure that the guests would forgive them for being responsible for the nightmares they had after the ball. Local hospitals, orphanages, kindergartens, and spastic children will benefit from the night.

A FRIEND of ours, now living in England, is still red-faced over an incident while holidaying in Denmark recently.

While struggling with the menu in a small cafe, she sighed with relief when a man sitting with his wife at an adjoining table asked in English if he could translate for her.

After telling our friend that he'd been to Sydney, he asked suddenly "When was your harbor bridge built?"

After feverish brain-racking she had to confess that she didn't know, whereupon the Dane with a grin all over his face said, "1932. I helped to build it."

More art for sale

COLLECTORS and connoisseurs of Australiana will have a special interest in the fourth and final in the series of auctions of the late Sir Reginald Marcus Clark's art treasures to take place on the 20th of this month.

Students of Old Sydney will have a chance to bid for Conrad Martens' lithographs of early Sydney views and etchings by Sir Lionel Lindsay.

The sale will be devoted entirely to original etchings, lithographs, and engravings by famous artists, including the work of English and Continental craftsmen as well as the early Australian works.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

JIGSAW STORY CONTEST

July 21, 1954. Paste one coupon on each entry. I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS (Block Letters)

STATE

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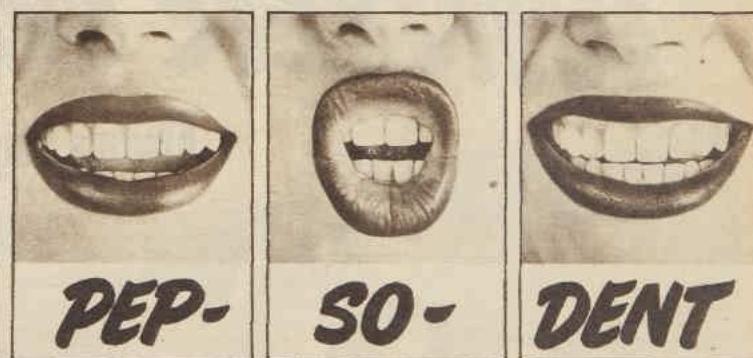


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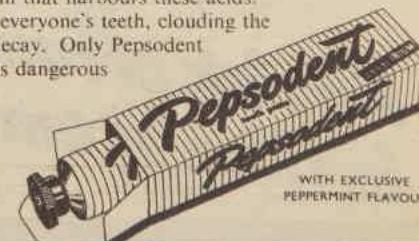
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Silly men. Talk together of vegetable foods or special costume or new rules of health. A pity. Could do something better— even fat Perperek. What you say?" And he looked quizzically through the smoke of his cigarette. He smoked little brown cigarettes and pulled at them furiously.

"About right," said Ravenstreet calmly. "But then you must have met all that before. I'd be more impressed if you told me how you knew something might happen to the White Horse."

"It good this name. White Horse belong to white magic. Good magician might ride white horse or give him to hero." He took a final pull at his cigarette and the rather acrid smoke came rolling out. "You wonder what we are, Ravenstreet. I tell you. We are magicians."

"Magicians? What kind of magicians?"

"Good magicians," Perperek chuckled as he returned to his cooking. "White horse magicians. When you taste dinner you agree. Now no more questions. Is too busy with dinner. Pliz tell Marot and Wayland in half an hour perhaps dinner ready. You have good red wine—Bordeaux? I think we open two bottles, pliz."

The dinner when it finally arrived on the table, about an hour later, was excellent, far beyond anything Mrs. Wiverson could have contrived out of such odds and ends. Perperek had an unpronounceable name for his chef dish, a kind of goulash. It was very good indeed.

Wayland and Marot ate and drank sparingly—they were obviously men of that sort—but Ravenstreet followed the example of Perperek himself, who dealt enthusiastically with his own creations and did justice to the claret.

When he had first brought them here, Ravenstreet had seen himself putting these three fellows at their ease, doing his best, he hoped, not to seem patronising. Now, at the dinner table, he was wondering how to put himself at ease with them.

There was no danger of his appearing patronising; it was

Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 10

years since he had felt less important in any company. Wayland and Marot were polite, Perperek went out of his way to suggest a gregarious old clown; it was nothing they obviously said or did that diminished him in his own sight, but there it was, he felt like a schoolboy again, dining with three masters.

To keep some sort of talk going, he made some brief references to his own background and affairs, made the usual general remarks about trade and foreign affairs, to all of which Wayland and Marot listened with polite but remote attention and Perperek heard with a kind of twinkling derision. Ravenstreet could not help feeling like a child running in and out of a room to display his toys to adults thinking about other things.

PRESENTLY Ravenstreet realised that if he had announced that he had just been made head of the greatest industrial combine in Britain, his friends would have regarded him in exactly the same way. Which meant that either all three were quietly mad, entangled for the rest of their lives in some idiotic dream, or they were, in fact, saner and wiser than he was, looking at life from some standpoint he had not reached and might never arrive at. And surely, he told himself with some impatience, he could decide between these views, make up his mind about his own guests.

"Fortunately," said Wayland with a smile, "you are not a conceited man, Ravenstreet. If you thought you knew everything you would have come at once to the wrong conclusion about us."

Ravenstreet could only stare at him. Had he involuntarily revealed his thoughts, spoken something aloud? He decided he hadn't. There had been silence for the last minute or two; Wayland must have read his mind. Magicians?

"Better for him he is not like that," said Marot thought-

fully. "But for us—perhaps no."

"I think not, Marot," said Wayland. "What do you think, Perperek?"

"I think not. Already I say some things. Not much until we decide—but some things. It was all right, I felt."

Wayland nodded agreement, then turned to Ravenstreet. "I'm sorry. This isn't polite, I know. And you are being extremely kind—we appreciate it. But we don't meet often, we three, and we must take some very important decisions. Everything is more complicated than you can understand. And it would take too long to explain."

"I'm glad to have you here, gentlemen," Ravenstreet looked round, smiling. "Naturally I'm curious, especially after certain things that Perperek said earlier. But I shan't embarrass you or waste your time with questions. You must feel free to go ahead and not bother about me."

"That is well said." This was from Marot, and coming from that bleak presence, as if from some Alpine height, it was a handsome compliment.

"I tell you—he is nice man," cried Perperek. "And so unhappy—all tick-tock. I think we tell him some things."

"Unhappy?" Ravenstreet frowned at him. "I don't think so, you know. A bit lost at the moment—I don't mean because of you three but because of other things—but that's all, I fancy."

Perperek did not trouble to reply but merely shook his head before cutting for himself an uncommonly thick slice of cheese.

"One of us might prove to you that you are wrong there, Ravenstreet," said Wayland gently.

"Surely if a man says he isn't unhappy, you can't prove he's wrong," Ravenstreet protested.

Marot hesitated. Then he did a curious thing, which Ravenstreet was never to forget. Very slowly, like a battle-

"But how?"
"Oh—it's quite easily done. Later, perhaps."

"Painless?" Ravenstreet gave it a touch of derision.

"Probably not," said Wayland dryly. "That's a risk you'd have to take. But forgive us again if we discuss you at your own dinner-table as if you weren't here. It's rather urgent."

He looked at the other two. "You appreciate the problem? Is our meeting with him accidental or not? If not, does it merely go a little way—that having escaped we have this place at once for further discussions? Just that, nothing else."

"That is my view, as you know," said Marot. "I ask for caution in this matter."

"And I incline to think that it doesn't merely go a little way," Wayland continued in his quiet, even tone. "It might go a long way. Some help may have been given here. One of the great challenges may be along this line. I feel it."

"I, too," cried Perperek. "I feel it strong while I am cooking the dinner—and we talk a little—something, nothing. But then I feel it."

"Reply to the countermove this afternoon, you think, Perperek?" said Wayland.

"Yes—yes—yes. I say so when you first go to speak to him—you remember, Marot, I say it then?"

"Yes, you did. And you may be right," said Marot slowly. "And I may be too cautious. But suppose something else—that it is an extension of the countermove—the second barrel of the gun being fired—what then?"

"I have had most—something—what?—contact, eh?" said Perperek. "I risk it. I say some small things. Then I wait."

"We ought to come to a decision here and now," Wayland looked from one to the other. "But you must agree, Marot."

Marot hesitated. Then he did a curious thing, which Ravenstreet was never to forget. Very slowly, like a battle-

"May I ask a question or two first?" said Ravenstreet.

ship bringing its great forward guns into action, he turned his head and stared at Ravenstreet. The light was none too good now, the thunder clouds having climbed from the west to hang over the house, darkening the windows.

Ravenstreet did not look away but met the challenge of these eyes, a luminous grey in that light. Ravenstreet had the feeling that his mind was being stripped, down to a level beyond his own consciousness. He didn't move, didn't speak. It seemed as if the world waited in silence, as if time stopped. Ravenstreet felt himself reduced to a mere spark of being. He existed, that was all.

"Pardon?" said Marot, with a bleak smile as he broke the spell. He nodded to the other two. "It is for you to do this, Wayland, tonight if possible, while Perperek and I have some conference."

"A little way, just enough," said Wayland. He looked at Ravenstreet, smiling again now.

"If you don't object."

"I told you, when I said I didn't want to interfere, that naturally I'm curious, particularly as I can't make head or tail of what you've been saying. What about some coffee?"

"I have him."

As Perperek rose, lilac-colored light glared through the windows, the rain began drumming, and then the thunder rolled. Ravenstreet, feeling rather shaky, although as a rule his nerves were good, lit some candles and went in search of brandy and cigars.

Afterwards, he and Wayland went and settled in the small study. The storm had gone, but it was still raining heavily, making a not unpleasant sound among the leaves close to the open window. The hour after dinner, the familiar little room where he often sat when alone, the rain outside, and the fact that he had changed into a comfortable smoking-jacket together created an intimate atmosphere and Ravenstreet felt more at ease than he had done in the dining-room.

"We ought to come to a decision here and now," Wayland looked from one to the other. "But you must agree, Marot."

Marot hesitated. Then he did a curious thing, which Ravenstreet was never to forget. Very slowly, like a battle-

"May I ask a question or two first?" said Ravenstreet.

"I can't pledge myself to answer them fully," Wayland replied. "There might be too much to explain."

"Fair enough! But you might give me some idea of what you think you're doing. After all, you allowed me to overhear that rum argument you had at the dinner-table and naturally I'm curious."

"If I tell you what we're doing," said Wayland smiling "then you will tell me either that you don't believe me or that we are deceiving ourselves. Then we argue, and the evening vanishes. Nothing will have been gained, much lost. I say this reluctantly, Ravenstreet," he continued earnestly. "At some other time, if you wish it, I'll spend whole days instructing you in our beliefs, the ancient wisdom. But now, with your permission, it's I who must ask the questions."

"But if I knew more, I might be able to answer your questions."

"It doesn't follow, my friend," Wayland smiled again. He had a pleasant smile that at once illuminated his darkish, seamed and rather withered face, taking years off it.

Ravenstreet had wanted to ask a question about their ages. He felt almost certain now that they might even be in their eighties. Magicians?

"Perperek gave me a few facts about you." Then he added, with a grin. "He also said you were magicians."

"Then I had better say the same thing, even though Perperek has always been the humorist of our group. So let us say we are three old magicians. There you are, Ravenstreet." His tone was playful.

"I'll accept that—with some reservations," Ravenstreet kept it light, too. "You certainly knew—or guessed—what I was thinking at dinner, didn't you? And Perperek worked the same trick—if it is a trick—when we were together in the kitchen. Is this part of the magic?"

He waited a moment for a reply, but not receiving one,

To page 33

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954

Continuing . . .

The Magicians

from page 32

he continued: "And I must confess that when Marot was staring at me, at the end of dinner, I felt I was being taken to pieces and that every piece was being given a thorough examination—a most curious and alarming experience."

"He has that power. It requires long training. And I assure you it cannot be derived from any set of nonsensical beliefs."

"But magicians?" Ravenstreet laughed. "Come, come, Wayland—we're all friends here. I hope so it's not necessary to—"

But the other cut in sharply: "Pererek was trying to amuse you. Of course, we don't call ourselves magicians. We're not working along those lines at all. We happen to have acquired some of the old tricks, perhaps—" And Wayland shrugged away the rest of the sentence, leaving the last three words in it mid-air.

Ravenstreet looked a and sounded dubious. "Too mysterious for me. What old tricks?"

Wayland stared at him for a moment, rather as Marot had done, but then glanced at the window and gave a cry of astonishment. "Snow in July? Surely not!"

"Impossible."

"See for yourself, then, Ravenstreet."

He had to, of course. And there it was. The whirling semi-darkness of a heavy snowfall, with white flakes everywhere, and the ground covered already and the upper sides of branches already whitened. And what was really more remarkable was that he found at once in the scene all the enchantment he remembered from childhood, as if the fairytale world had returned.

There seemed to be more warmth, promise, and beauty in this glimpse of snowy darkness than there had been in all the wide panorama of life during these last years. He cried out not so much with astonishment as with joy. He turned to look at Wayland, who was sitting there smiling at him. He knew then something was wrong.

The merest glance through the window confirmed it. Not a trace of snow; the end of a thunderstorm on a July night, darkening rain noisy among the leaves; his own world again, promising nothing. He sat down heavily, a melancholy ageing man.

"Very brilliant," he said dully. "I congratulate you."

Printed by Cressens Printing Limited for the publisher, Consolidated Press Limited, 100-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

I wouldn't have thought it possible."

"It's an old trick, snow through the window in summer, or a glimpse of a summer's day in mid-winter. The medieval wizards are on record performing it. That's why I chose it as a possible demonstration."

"Yes, very effective. No more doubts about your being magicians, Wayland. You notice I don't sound very cheerful. Do you know why?"

"Certainly," replied Wayland. "You don't like being back in your own mind again. Too bleak. Even the snow was better."

Ravenstreet sat up. "Wayland, that's better than your bit of hypnotism—or whatever it was. This really could be magic—and where it's wanted, too. Tell me something, then I'll stop asking questions. What did Pererek mean by tick-tock—something about a wrong view of time, he said?"

Wayland smiled. "Tick-tock is one of Pererek's favorite shorthand terms, useful in any language. He uses it to describe the belief that time as it passes is destroying everything or, if you prefer it, hurrying us all down a steep track to oblivion—"

"A belief from which I'm suffering," said Ravenstreet.

"From which you're undoubtedly suffering, along with some other millions of busy, important, influential men, who may now be pushing their families, friends, and neighbors down the road the bees and ants went."

"That's altogether too fantastic, Wayland."

"I don't ask you to believe it. Remember what I said earlier, when you insisted upon asking some questions."

Ravenstreet, his eyes narrowed, regarded him thoughtfully.

"I'm not going to argue," he began slowly. "But naturally I overheard what you all said at dinner, and I want to get things straight, as I think you see them. And this should help you as well as me. I turn up this afternoon, just after your hotel has been pulverised by an aircraft that crashed. I think that was an accident. You don't, obviously, and you can point out, fairly enough, that you'd moved yourselves and your bags out of the hotel as if you knew something might happen. Anyhow, I turn up, and immediately you come across and begin talking. That wasn't accidental, I take it?"

University revolt

A REVOLUTION has broken out behind the austere grey walls of Melbourne University. The students have not been involved—except indirectly; it's the staff that has been infected.

It's a colorful revolution. For instance, the office of the senior lecturer in Philosophy, W. David Falk, has one wall painted duck-egg blue, another in terracotta red, and a third and the ceiling in royal blue. And in the Fine Arts department there's a room with gash-pink walls, a yellow fireplace.

Whether you like these modern decorative schemes or not, you will be interested to see color pictures of the Melbourne experiment in the July 20 issue of A.M., the weekly magazine for all the family.

"Not at all. Quite deliberate on my part."

"Now let me see if I have this next bit right, remembering what you said at dinner. My turning up might simply mean that you're being helped a little—by who or what I can't imagine—because I immediately ask you to stay here, a move that might at least save you time and trouble. And I'll admit I don't know why I did it—a sudden impulse, although I'm not an impulsive type. But—you don't mind this, Wayland?"

"Please go on."

"But it might go further than that, in your view. I might have more to offer—might be able to tell you something you want to know, though I can't think what—though, of course, I don't know what you think you're doing. On the other hand—and I get this again from what you said at dinner—my appearance might represent a cunning move by the other side, whoever or whatever they might be, something even trickier than somehow aiming a pilotless plane at you. And that's the risk you had to take. Have I got it right, Wayland?"

"More or less—yes. And I must congratulate you. For a man who knows nothing about these things, you have been

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As I read the stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Don't trust to luck on July 20; you won't get by with slipshod work or poor excuses. July 22 is excellent for romance, social interests, sporting activities.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Although the price may be high, you are likely to feel a domestic purchase was well worth while on July 21 or July 23. July 26 tends towards minor mishaps.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Good news on July 23 provides a thrill, with plenty of scope for your efforts. Outings, short journeys open fresh vistas over the weekend.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Pencil and paper are the way to plan the financing of your hopes and wishes on July 20. Don't allow information on July 23 to knock you back.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If looking for a job, more pay, developing a sideline, or willing to hold office in some club, July 22 is important. Difficulties may be ironed out on July 24.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): July 25 is ace high for budding love affairs, expeditions among new scenes, and the social side generally. Heavy demands on you may color July 26.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): While July 21 could send you on a wild goose chase, plans made for travel, studies, or hobbies on July 24 will set you soaring.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): Should you close down on a rather painful episode or on a spot of hard work which was not congenial, on July 23, July 26 is expensive but nice.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): There is some danger of losing belongings or a sum of money on July 20, particularly in a public place.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): If nerves are strained, they may snap on July 22. Try not to be sensitive. You'll find July 26 offering compensations and practical advantages.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

New British star has slick comedy flair

A new star is block-busting the British box-office in tweeds, a public-school voice, and flippant comedy. You'll be seeing lots of him — Kenneth More.

BLOCK-BUSTING the British box-office, did I say? The world box-office! His first big comedy, "Genevieve," is careering triumphantly through Europe. Hot on its heels, now, comes "A Doctor in the House"—another comedy in color of British medical student life, which is scooping the pool for laughs and strewing Kenneth More's newly found star-path with garlands.

Six years ago More was scraping along somehow on £7 a week as a struggling repertory actor. A good one,

but without success. Now he has a five-year contract with Sir Alexander Korda at a basic £10,000 a year. It's likely that before long Sir Alex will tear up this contract and present him with a new one which talks top-star money.

More is 38, has a face chipped roughly out of granite, beady eyes too close together, a mouth like a spring trap; he trades in a dry, brisk dialogue revealing the inspiration that Kenneth More would be ideal as the airman-lover.

Said More, "I didn't win the game of golf, old boy. But Roland pushed me along with wit and power.

The thing that changed his

life was a game of golf with actor Roland Culver.

The great Terence Rattigan had just written a new play, "The Deep Blue Sea," in which Culver was to play the husband of Googie Withers. It was to be a profoundly moving drama of her love for another man, a morbid love doomed by its own violence and unisdom. Culver was suddenly struck by the inspiration that Kenneth More would be ideal as the airman-lover.

Said More, "I didn't win the game of golf, old boy. But Roland pushed me along with wit and power.

The thing that changed his

From
BILL STRUTTON
in London

I was as nervous as a kitten. I read the lines like a bad actor having a pot at 'Hamlet'—you know, all the stops out."

His rugged face cracked into a brief grin. "They kept on saying, 'Make it gayer, old boy!' I kept making it heavier. So they sent me off with that old brush-off formula, 'Thanks very much, More. We'll write.'"

But Roland Culver was so sure of his hunch that he pestered Rattigan to give Kenneth More another chance.

"I didn't take any risks the second time," Kenneth said. "I took a couple of stiff whiskies beforehand. Read the part like a dream, old boy!"

"The Deep Blue Sea" was a West End smash hit. Television adapted it and served it up, with More in the same part, to its audience of 11 million. It was one of the finest plays the B.B.C. has televised, and More was suddenly a national name.

Came the film contract, bids from other studios, and before Korda had time to launch his new prize in one of his own films he was hiring More out to the Rank Organisation for two comedies in a row.

After 17 years' struggling in the theatre, More takes success with a distrustful stare. He's the sort that it will change not at all. Says he, "I'm no Richard Burton, old boy. I'll leave 'Hamlet' to the other boys. But," he rubbed his chin and was quite serious, "it does make me feel good to know I'm making 'em laugh in all

KENNETH MORE, the actor all London is talking about, shocks his glamorous co-star, Kay Kendall, with his medical knowledge in "A Doctor in the House."

those odd spots in the world."

Producer Sir Alexander Korda, in the midst of the internal upset within his British Lion organisation, has taken time to find a vehicle himself for his new star, instead of hiring him out to others. More is to co-star with another brilliant screen newcomer, Denholm Elliott, in a film saga of Alcock and Brown, the British fliers who, in 1919, were the first to fly the Atlantic.

More will play Brown, the more lighthearted of the two; he was the navigator. And he has two more big films shaping up after that.

Not that the casual, homely Kenneth More bothers much whether he works or not. He is a veteran who is armed against disappointment, idleness, financial ups-and-downs.

"It doesn't really bother me if I'm not working. I'm quite

happy playing golf or messing about in the garden, or even watching television." But his favorite sport is underwater swimming—he uses an aqua-lung to explore the depths.

More married 18 months ago, soon after his increasing salary cheques began to tell him he could now afford to. His wife remains anonymous, withdrawn from the film spotlights, is content to decorate only his private life. He calls her "Bill" — "because, she claims, her real name is too terrible to talk about."

"She's not in the business, old boy. "A look of something like satisfaction came over his face. He sipped at his drink, lolled casually about on the sofa. "Just as well, too," was all he said. That told his attitude to the dizzying world of films better than anything. He is honest, without theatrical affectation, without illusions.



DONALD SINDEN (left) with Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, and Suzanne Cloutier in a scene from Britain's technicolor comedy "A Doctor in the House." The story concerns the lives and loves of four students at a London medical school.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954

Jeff Chandler

★ It is seven years since husky Jeff Chandler eased into hit parts in Hollywood. He has since played star heroes and heavies, noble Indians and two-fisted adventurers for Universal. Now it seems he has a good singing voice, too.

IN reality tall (6ft. 4in.), brown-eyed, prematurely grey-haired Jeff Chandler is not a bit like the swaggering characters he has played in the movies.

On the contrary, he's a quiet sort of chap, charming, and candid. He describes himself as a "nondescript American."

Chandler nominates as his favorite film role to date that of the lackadaisical deep-sea diver in the adventure "Smugglers' Island" because . . . "I played myself in that picture."

But he wears his rugged screen personality well, according to his large fan following. Girls of all ages admire Jeff's brawny physique and look of maturity.

Today, with a brand-new musical career in the offing, 36-year-old Jeff Chandler says modestly: "I don't expect singing will take up more of my time than movie acting. But I like to sing, and it might be a nice sideline—who knows?"

Hollywood recording director Sonny Burke, who produced his first commercial disc recently, is certain that Chandler will make the musical grade.

His voice is described as a warm baritone, and, backed by Victor Young and his Singing Strings, is heard to good effect in the recorded numbers "More Than Anything" and "I Should Care."

The surprising thing is that Chandler never had a singing lesson in his life.

So far Hollywood appears to have no musical plans for the star. But if his recordings go over with American hobby-soxers, who knows?

Meanwhile, an assortment of film parts keep turning up for the versatile actor.

He plays another costumed hero in "Yankee Pasha," and recently completed "Sign of the Pagan," in which he appears as a Roman general who fights off invading Huns led by Attila.

Son of a New York restaurateur, young Jeff Chandler studied dramatic art there and later worked with a Long Island stock company, starting as a stage hand, and graduating into minor roles.

With an actor friend Chandler formed his own small stock company in 1941, and the pair had some success barnstorming around America's mid-west.

World War II interrupted this enterprise. Discharged after four years with the U.S. Army, Chandler decided to have a crack at radio acting in Hollywood, and met with a good deal of success.

A chance meeting with actor Dick Powell during one of these early broadcasts brought Chandler his film "break."

It was a small part of a tin-horn gambler in a card-game sequence of Powell's gang thriller "Johnny O'Clock."

His first major film assignment after several other hit parts was that of the Israeli underground leader in "Sword in the Desert." It won him a long-term contract.

In 1946, shortly after he arrived in Hollywood, Jeff Chandler married Marjorie, the girl with whom he had been in stock theatre companies before the war.

They have two daughters—Jamie, aged 7, and four-year-old Dana.

Career trouble is said to have broken up the marriage. In March this year Mrs. Chandler won an uncontested divorce and the custody of their two children.



CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "War of the Worlds," science-fiction drama in color, starring Gene Barry, Ann Robinson. Plus ★ "Pony Express," color Western, starring Charlton Heston, Jan Sterling, Rhonda Fleming.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, David Niven, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"Appointment in Honduras," color thriller, starring Glenn Ford, Ann Sheridan, Zachary Scott. Plus "Desert Passage," a Tim Holt Western.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Anchors Aweigh," technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Kathryn Grayson, Frank Sinatra. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR.—★ "The Eddie Cantor Story," technicolor musical drama, starring Keefe Brasselle, Marilyn Erskine. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PARK.—★ "Not Wanted," drama, starring Sally Forrest, Keefe Brasselle. Plus "Strange Mr. Gregory," drama, starring Jean Rogers, Edmund Lowe. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Knock on Wood," technicolor comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Mai Zetterling. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Night People," technicolor CinemaScope spy drama, starring Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford, Rita Gam. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Glenn Miller Story," technicolor musical biography, starring James Stewart, June Allyson. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Rose Marie," Eastman color CinemaScope musical, starring Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Fernando Lamas. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "Souls at Sea," drama, starring Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard, George Raft. (Re-release.) Plus ★ "Speaking of Murder," omnibus thriller, starring Kay Walsh, Hubert Gregg, Howard Marion Crawford.

VICTORY.—★ "Wings of the Hawk," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Van Heflin, Julia Adams, Abbe Lane. Plus ★ "Forbidden," mystery, starring Tony Curtis, Joanne Dru, Lyle Bettger.

Films not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, John Mills, Brenda de Banzie. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Gun Fury," technicolor Western, starring Rock Hudson, Donna Reed, Phil Carey, Roberta Haynes. Plus "Slaves of Babylon," technicolor drama, starring Linda Christian, Richard Conte.

LYRIC.—★★ "Asphalt Jungle," thriller, starring Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern, Marilyn Monroe. (Re-release.) Plus "Gipsy Colt," out-door melo-drama, starring Donna Corcoran, Ward Bond.

PALACE.—"Diamond Queen," color romantic adventure, starring Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl. Plus "Sierra Passage," Western, starring Wayne Morris, Lola Albright.

PLAZA.—"Hondo," color out-door drama, starring John Wayne, Geraldine Page, Ward Bond, Michael Pate. Plus "The Fafe," drama, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Pauline Gray.

SAVOY.—"Le Plaisir," French language omnibus film, starring Claude Dauphin, Jean Gabin, Simone Simon. Plus featurettes.

News from the studios

From London and Hollywood

LANKY, brilliant director John Huston seems to like seeing his stars suffer. First Jose Ferrer had to hobble around on his knees to be the dwarf Toulouse-Lautrec in "Moulin Rouge." Now Gregory Peck, bearded and scarred, is stamping painfully around his Savoy Hotel suite with his knees encased in a whalebone artificial leg—and swearing at his recklessness in accepting the role of Captain Ahab in Huston's newest film, "Moby Dick."

THREE is talk of a romance between playwright Tennessee Williams and tempestuous Italian star Anna Magnani, in Rome. There, Anna is getting ready to play lead in an Italian version of Tennessee Williams' Broadway play "Rose Tattoo."

David Niven has recouped his sliding reputation in film comedy gloriously with the triumphant premiere this week of "Happy Ever After"—one of the most successful British comedies of the new and brilliant batch which has emerged recently. The papers are full of praise for his performance—this time as a comic villain.

PETITE Joan Greenwood is making her first crossover from British to Hollywood studios. Metro have called her to team with Stewart Granger and George Sanders in "Moonfleet"—all about an English village which is haunted by the ghost of Blackbeard the pirate.

KATHARINE HEPBURN fans will be cheered to hear that all is set for Katie's "Time of the Cuckoo" (adapted from the Broadway play) to go on location in Italy. Italian film star Isa Miranda joins Hepburn in the movie, and shooting is under the able direction of Britain's David Lean.

BETTE DAVIS is now fully recovered from that long illness and letting it be known that she is willing to resume her career. Temporarily, however, she will accept radio roles only. There's a little matter of overweight to consider. Bette still lives on a farm near Portland in Maine.

ERROL FLYNN looks likely to continue in his new vein as a romantic musical star. After "Lilacs in the Spring" with Anna Neagle, which is nearing completion at Elstree, he is down to star in another musical, "King's Rhapsody." Margaret Lockwood and Patrice Wymore (Mrs. Flynn) may be his co-stars.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ The Eddie Cantor Story

WARNERS' technicolor biography of American show-business personality Eddie Cantor does well with the foot-light aspects of his career.

The personal and romantic side of the story is, however, drenched with what must be manufactured sweetening in a way that is sometimes hard to swallow.

On the musical side there are some opulent stage sequences, and the soundtrack is well spiced with popular old-time favorites like "Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider," "Makin' Whoopee," "Margie," and other numbers, all recorded in Cantor's own voice.

Young actor Keefe Brasselle handles the difficult title

role adequately. Although he occasionally tries a bit too hard, Brasselle's miming, especially of Cantor's stage style, is effective.

The part of Ida, Eddie's childhood sweetheart who becomes his wife, is written pretty much according to the Hollywood conception of a devoted helpmate.

But film producers have shown discretion in not choosing an over-glamorous star for this role. It is played by attractive and comfortably plump Marilyn Erskine for what it is worth.

During the run of the picture there are glimpses of some noted denizens of early Broadway like Florenz Ziegfeld, Will Rogers (played by his son), and young Jimmy Durante.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

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1. CONFEDERATE escapees from a P.O.W. camp near Canada are led to safety by Major Neal Benton (Van Heflin), right, and Lieut. Keating (Lee Marvin).



2. BOARDING with war widow Katy Bishop (Anne Bancroft) and her son (Tommy Rettig) in the Vermont town of St. Albans, Benton has no difficulty in establishing himself as a respectable businessman.



3. PLOTTING with his fellow escapees and with Southern rebels in St. Albans, Benton plans a swift raid on the town to distract Union forces from their successful campaigns farther south.



4. SUDDEN arrival of Union cavalrymen forces Benton to postpone his plans at the last moment. He learns that Keating has gone on a drinking bout and fears he will reveal their plans.



5. QUICK shot by Benton kills Keating who runs amok and threatens townspeople with sudden death.



7. DISCOVERED by Katy in his Confederate uniform, Benton has to tell her about his planned attack on the town. He leaves her, joins his men, and directs the raid.



8. SUCCESSFUL raiders hold stunned and bewildered townsfolk at gunpoint while their homes and businesses burn. Then Benton and his men mount their horses and ride away, their job completed.



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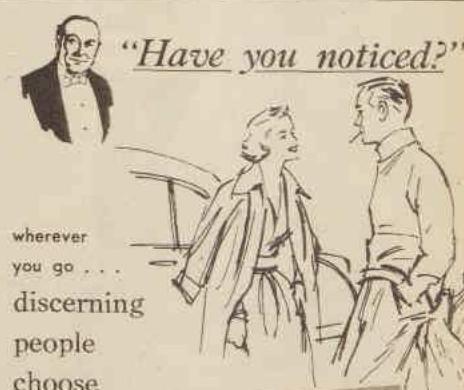
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PLAIN AND CORK-TIPPED

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unusually quick and intelligent."

"Don't congratulate me too soon," said Ravenstreet, rather grimly. "Because I must confess I don't believe a word of it. I don't mean you're deceiving me. But I think you're deceiving yourselves. It isn't that kind of world, nothing like it."

"So you imagine," Wayland was quite unruffled. "But the world in which such things couldn't happen is merely the world you've constructed for yourself. And you don't even like it."

"True, but I think I'd like yours even less. I don't pretend to have thought much about these things. I'm a fairly simple-minded engineer and industrialist—"

"Who doesn't know where he is?" said Wayland calmly, "what he ought to do, or even if life's worth living—"

"I'll admit it."

"I must warn you that whether you think life worth living or not, you will have to live it. There's no escape, no oblivion round the corner. Time isn't destroying you, but neither can you destroy it. Life must be lived, but, of course, you can decide on what level you will live it. That is, if you know enough and are prepared to make the right effort. Our chief trouble now is that

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we don't know enough and only make wrong efforts."

Wayland went on, "The results might soon be disastrous. Which may be one reason why three eccentric elderly men are here together at Broxley Manor, thanks to the kindness of Sir Charles Ravenstreet. And now, please," he added, in a rather sharper tone, "it is my turn to ask questions. Quite simple questions. Tell me first something about yourself."

Ravenstreet lit a pipe, giving himself time to think.

"I'm in my middle fifties, as you can probably see," he began slowly. "I was trained as an electrical engineer. I joined a small firm that prospered and then amalgamated with several others. My boss, Frank Crewe, was both a brilliant inventive fellow and a fine industrialist. He and I enjoyed working together. Finally, I married his daughter, who died a few years ago. We had no children. It wasn't a very successful marriage."

He continued, "After Crewe died I became managing director. The company rapidly expanded during the war. Among other things, I helped to design a new electrical unit for submarines, for which I was knighted at the end of the war.

At the last board meeting, just recently, another man was made managing director. I resigned from the board and then sold out my stock, which leaves me a fairly rich man with nothing to do.

"I don't like this, I'll admit. I'm feeling bored, stale, disappointed, perhaps rather bitter. Not a good example of the way life ought to be lived, Wayland, I'll grant you that. But there it is."

"And that's all?"

"The chief facts. I've met some men recently who have an idea I might join them in an enterprise they have in mind, quite a new field to me. Nothing's been decided yet. This seems to interest you." For he had noticed a certain quickening in the other man.

"It does. What is this new enterprise, please?"

Ravenstreet took out his pipe and stared at it for a moment.

"I don't think that's a fair question, Wayland, if you don't mind my saying so. If it were my show I'd tell you all about it. But it isn't. And I gave my word not to talk about it.

I know you're magicians," and he smiled broadly, "not businessmen or journalists. But

talk soon gets around. No, Wayland, I'm sorry."

"I could give you my promise that I would only mention this new enterprise to Marot and Perperek—and only then if I thought it really necessary—and that none of us would talk about it. And I can assure you we have trained ourselves to keep silent to avoid chatter."

"I can believe that," said Ravenstreet, who could. "But I still don't think it's good enough. Sorry!"

"Very well. Then do something else, which would not involve you in breaking your word," Ravenstreet. Please describe one of these men you have met recently. If there is a leader, describe him. How did he strike you? What did he say about himself, his aims, his views of life?"

Ravenstreet thought this over. After some consideration he found himself not merely willing but eager to describe his meeting with Mervil, whose name, however, he did not mention.

As soon as he began remembering that evening, much of the talk came back to him, though he was careful to say nothing about Sepman's drug. Wayland listened very carefully.

fully, occasionally throwing in a question or asking Ravenstreet to repeat something.

"And that is all," Wayland said finally. "Except, of course, any discussion you had concerning the new enterprise. One question about that—no, I'm not asking you to break your word. But there is something I must know. Could this new enterprise affect the lives of many, many people?"

"I think I can answer that. Yes—millions, if it should be successful."

Wayland rose. "Thank you. If you'll excuse me, I'll talk to the other two for a few minutes. And there's something I'd like you to do for me while I'm gone. Don't think about this business at all. Begin to think about your own life. Explore the past. That might be useful when I return."

But he did not return. To Ravenstreet's surprise, it was Marot who came in.

"I have come in Wayland's place," he announced gravely.

"To do what? That sounds offensive but it isn't meant to be."

"I do not take it so. Yes, I have a purpose. To persuade you, by an example, that your view of life is wrong and ours is right."

"More magic?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not. But we think we may need some help from you. If you think

we are fooling ourselves, you will refuse that help. But this time it is not a little trick with snow. This is more serious. I wish to show you some part of your life. You have been thinking about it, Wayland says—"

"I tried to do what he asked me to do."

"Then continue, please. Think of an important time, when you perhaps came to some important decision. Don't trouble about me. Imagine I am not here. You are alone—with your life. Now then, please!"

Suddenly Ravenstreet had to laugh, not long and hard but noise enough to disturb and then anger the old Frenchman, who sat erect, his gaunt frame towering above the chair back, and glared down at Ravenstreet, who was lolling at ease.

"I'm sorry, Marot. I shouldn't have done that. But suddenly the whole thing seemed so ridiculous I know it's not funny to you, but—"

"It will not be funny to you either," cried Marot. "You will see. I ask you again—think of some important time—some important decision you once made—"

"Yes, you said that before. And I'll do it, to oblige you. But I can't help it if it seems

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shard, the two of us sitting here — me turning over my memories—you staring at me. Is there any real point in it?"

Marot had mastered his anger. He replied bleakly, impressively.

"I told you I wished to show you some part of your life. Not only as it was but as it is. I do it neither to amuse myself nor amuse you. I have more important things to do, as you will soon understand. I say you will understand because this will begin to make you understand. Like a child who learns something."

"A child is about the last creature I feel like these days."

"Perhaps so. You have built yourself a prison to live in, and now are weary of living in it. This means there is some hope for you. If you were content, there would be none. We may need you, it seems. It is certain you need us. Now be quiet, please—remember, as I said—and I will show you time alive, the life as it is."

Now Ravenstreet was obedient, feeling that any further protest would be unmannerly; he was curious, too, about what might happen. Ignoring Marot, who was staring at him fixedly, he tugged again at the chain of memory.

At first everything was as it had been during the interval when he had been alone, dis-

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connected, fragmentary, so many odd dates and names, faded glimpses of people and places. Then he was with Philippa that last day or two—where was it?—Something Bay.

That was important enough, but how little he remembered, how much the years had obliterated for ever . . . And then he woke up in time alive

in either sea or cloudless sky, only broken through the window by a segment of cliff that was pale yellow in the hazy September sunlight. It seemed to float, that cliff; but then the whole morning was afloat in the blue.

The small sitting-room was solidly there; some sand on the worn linoleum, the green little heartthrob that clashed with the newer and more metallic green tablecloth; the grate, narrow, high, old-fashioned, that they had never cleaned after the fire they had had the first two nights; the three shelves of books, mostly an old-fashioned sevenpenny series, pre-war stuff; the photogravure of the saucy Royalist maid between the two Roundhead soldiers; the calendar for 1924; the deck-chair with its torn canvas back and the two Windsor uprights at the table; the two Victorian glass ornaments on the windowsill; the smoky low ceiling.

Yes, it was all there, the hour and the place, the great gold morning no longer lost, only waiting for him to recognise it again.

Out of wherever he had been

before—and hadn't he been sitting with a strange old man somewhere?—he had brought nothing but a standard of comparison, which enabled him to realise how much richer the mere act of living seemed to be in this here and now, how a wealth of sights and sounds and smells had been newly restored to him, as if he had been returned, after some grey and muted exile, to the world that was rightly his, to some kingdom where spirit sharpened the senses and they in turn fed the spirit.

Hadn't he told somebody somewhere, far away in some unnameable twilight, that he had been dead?

Well, now he was alive. He wriggled his toes inside the stained gym shoes he was wearing. He blew smoke towards the doorway and saw it dissolve into the blue.

Even his hunger, for they hadn't had much breakfast and the morning was wearing away (Phil had gone out to buy something for lunch, of course), had life in it, a kind of promise he'd been in danger of forgetting when he'd been somewhere else, dead, perhaps.

He was waiting for something, though, besides Phil and lunch. And now that he was

back—just the same except for one essential bit of him that watched, noted, compared, knew fresh delight and perhaps (he would see an anguish he'd never known before)—whatever it was, this thing for which he waited, it cast a shadow over the bright morning, already hinted at that anguish he might feel.

He knew it would be much better if he didn't sit there waiting, if he went out to meet Phil along the road from the village or returned to the beach, only a few hundred yards away, if he did anything rather than sit there and wait.

But for what? And then he was admitted into the thought of the self, out of a multiplicity of selves, who had planned all this, his bathe, Phil's trip to the village, his waiting here alone. He knew now. He wanted to be here alone when the postman called.

PRESENTLY the postman came, with two letters for Mr. Charles Ravenstreet. One was from Frank Crewe:

"Dear Charlie,

"Hope you are having a fine holiday and are feeling full of beans. But I want you back—sharp. The Midland order has come in and is better than we thought — this is where we

really start to move, Charlie. The other thing—but don't say I told you—is that Maureen is worrying about you and if you don't get back this week she will be going off herself in a huff, which might spoil everything I have wanted for you two. So what about it?"

The other letter was typewritten and formal and was from a London firm of electrical engineers who had two or three branches out East. They had considered his application—he had applied for a job some weeks before, when Frank admitted that the New Central Electric was looking for him—and were prepared to offer him a position in one of their Far Eastern branches: five years contract, starting at four hundred a year, with a living allowance that would be increased on marriage, and a chance afterwards, if they were satisfied with his work, of a job in London.

So there it was. The cross-roads were here. He could stay with Frank, marry Maureen, start moving up with the firm—and if the Midland order was better than Frank had expected, then it was very good indeed and New Central Electric would have to expand. But the letter from the London people meant that he could marry Philippa now if he

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Get a jar or tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream today—give yourself your first "young skin" treatment tonight.



wanted to, for here was the job going.

It would have been difficult—no, impossible—to stay on with Frank and marry anybody else but Maureen; the old boy was too set on seeing him married to his daughter. But here was a way out if he really wanted Philippa for keeps, as he'd told her he did, often told himself, too.

Before this job out East had been offered to him he'd had a good excuse not to marry her with this semi-engagement to his boss' daughter hanging over him. In a difficult year like 1926, still feeling uneasy after the general strike, an ambitious young electrical engineer isn't going to jilt himself clean out of a job just to marry a girl he's possibly only infatuated with. After all, he'd never promised to marry Phil—they'd only talked about it vaguely.

But now with this letter from London here was the job he could take Phil out to (she'd go anywhere with him, he was certain of that), so the old excuse wouldn't work any longer; and here by the very same post was Frank, probably egged on by Maureen (a coolly one, not making a direct move herself), as good as ordering him back to get on with his work and his courting.

He'd have to decide today: here were the crossroads.

The essential Ravenstreet, who was back here with something added, didn't think these thoughts but seemed to experience them just as everything else there—the quality of the morning, the look of the cottage, the feel of his skin after bathing—had been experienced. These thoughts were part of the scene.

But unlike everything else, they were unwelcome. No escape from them, though; no possible substitution of other and better thoughts. Moreover, while this younger scheming self was thinking, withdrawn from his surroundings, the

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

Continuing . . . The Magicians

from page 39

hour and the place lost their beguiling sights and sounds and smells, the morning withered, and neither spirit nor sense felt satisfaction.

What this watching, noting, comparing, essential self of Ravenstreet's felt now was apprehension, as if some mysterious anguish, never known before, might be threateningly close.

Phil arrived, out of breath, to dump two chops on the table. She was rather small, sturdier than the first appeared to be, almost as dark as an Indian, not regularly pretty, but varying between amusing ugliness and something like real beauty. She was his own age, twenty-seven, had been engaged when very young to a fellow who was killed in 1918, and then forsworn love and driven all her energy into a bookshop and lending-library business, of which she now owned a half-share.

IN the shop, where Ravenstreet had first got to know Phil, she was a cool little character, with never a hint of sex, but once he had broken through all that, she had openly and delightfully revealed herself as eager, impulsive, passionate. But she still remained more independent than most girls, tried to pay her way, and avoided any husband-catching tricks and emotional blackmail.

There were times, however, when she clung to him desperately, and often then her eyes would be filled with tears; but she never told him what was the matter. She kept her pride, never pressing him to tell her anything if he showed any reluctance, never making any fancy demands to test her hold over him, but just keeping going with him.

This holiday, however, had been her idea, perhaps because she had been offered the cottage; yet now and again he felt she might have some special reason for wanting to be alone with him for two whole weeks, something outside her usual desire for him,

and he wondered at times if she was waiting now for him to say they ought to get married.

"Anything been happening?" she asked.

"Not a thing," Ravenstreet heard himself saying this. It was queer, not at all pleasant. The words came out too smoothly and easily, like little packets from a well-oiled slot machine. Quickly, too, so that they were out before he could think of changing them.

"No post?"

"I'd a note from my boss, Frank Crewe." Nothing about the other letter, about the offer that would enable them to marry. Suppressed in a twinkle, too; he was off again at once. "He says we've got that Midland order and wants me back at once."

"Oh, no!" She was all dismay.

"That's what he says. We've been counting on that order. Makes all the difference."

"Well, we've been counting on this holiday. He can do without you for a few days, can't he?"

"Possibly. Danger is, he might decide that he could do without me for ever and ever. He's rather that sort. Either you're with him, heart and soul, or you're not. I've told you that before, Phil," he added rather bulkily.

It was bewildering, sometimes sickening, then and later, how one part of him felt all that was behind the words he spoke, while the other part, newly arrived, remained in its detachment, not necessarily feeling nothing but feeling something quite different from the speaker, whose thoughts and emotions were given with the scene.

What Ravenstreet felt now, right at the heart of the experience, was a horrified astonishment at the duplicity of this apparently naive young Charlie Ravenstreet, who was making every word, every shift of tone, every gesture contribute to a performance so elaborate in its technique, so

contemptible in its aim.

Did we go through our adult lives acting in this fashion? If this is what could be done with love in a cottage, with a dark girl, tender and passionate, in golden weather by the sea, what mountebanking and humbug must go on elsewhere!

She was regarding him questioningly, her whole person still and solemn. "Yes, I know. What have you decided to do, then, Charlie?"

"Nothing yet. Give me time to think, Phil." It was not entirely a false show of irritation; but, of course, the performance was still going on.

She knew something was wrong, caught the stale old whiff of treachery—as he saw now, with rage, with shame—but she forced a smile.

"I'll start lunch. You must be hungry. I'm famished. Lovely chops." She was rather noisy as she bustled about in the tiny kitchen.

The young man who moved uneasily about the sitting-room and then went to sit on the bench outside the window, in the huge glow and quiet of that September noon, was a battlefield where two sets of selves struggled for mastery.

There was a Charlie who had taken her in his arms so often and then shared a cigarette in that miniature world of peace and tenderness, who wanted to rush into the kitchen, put his arms round her again, tell her about the letter with the job out East in it, and share her excitement and joy.

But the other set were doubtful about this excitement and joy, here today and gone tomorrow, asked how much it was really worth, and exchanged sound long-term views. To some of them there was something foolish and cloying in this whole love business.

One of them, not a nice fellow but persuasive, came wriggling out of the dusk to declare that, quite apart from the better prospects that Frank Crewe as a father-in-law might offer, he was more interested in what might lie behind young

Maureen Crewe's pale uncertain look, her rather sly manner, than he was in Phil's open warmth, her familiar surrender, all too easy.

Why throw chances away, he argued, for something you've had and could have again, no doubt, any time you wanted it. And the young man, who would call himself Charles Ravenstreet whatever he did, made no move towards the kitchen.

They were gay at lunch, talking hard, laughing a lot; lovers on the spree. There was pretence in it, of course, on both sides, yet now and then it was real gaiety, youth breaking through.

Throughout this meal and afterwards, Ravenstreet found himself varying bewilderingly between complete identification with his younger self and a bitterly critical distance from the scene, when he observed rather than experienced it—a strange spectator, part of the scene, yet helplessly detached from it.

At those moments he was more aware of what she was thinking and feeling than this young man was, this young man she truly loved who was himself yet not himself. He knew her doubt, her resolve to forget the doubt, her sudden sick descents into despair; yet there was something—a secret fact, a giant fear—overshadowing her mind that remained unrevealed to him.

His younger self didn't even know that something was there. Yet that fact, that fear, was the key, and there was a door, into a life that would have meaning, that couldn't be opened without it.

PHIL slept, exhausted, in the low-roofed oven of a bedroom, and a certain Charlie Ravenstreet, overcoming and then forgetting the others who would have to live with him through many a year, remembered a five-thirty-five train and began creeping about the place, putting his things together. A horrible fellow, who should be out of the sun for ever; yet Sir Charles Ravenstreet could feel the man's sweat on his forehead.



"No special floor."

Did this go on and on and on? Couldn't it be stopped? Couldn't it be changed? Were we—oh, a nightmare conclusion—machines that yet could feel a living being's guilt and anguish? As if a little wheel or coil somewhere deep among the cogs had quivering nerves!

She awoke and looked at him, and there was no stopping the tragic little farce they had to play now. Every false word slipped out before he could change it. His sense of frustration was terrible, for he felt certain there existed some power, which he couldn't discover how to use, that could break this evil spell of recurrence, a strength he couldn't find that would lift the heavy horde out of this groove.

"You're going, then, Charlie?"

"I must, Phil. Just can't be helped."

She was fighting herself to believe him. Treachery clouded the air between them. "Would you have gone without telling me—if I hadn't wakened up?"

"I don't know." He was irritable; he fussed about with his bag. "I don't suppose so. But I knew you were tired."

"Are you tired—of me?"

"Phil—please, that doesn't

To page 50

THE TRUTH IS . . .

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Reckitt's Blue

OUT OF THE BLUE COMES THE

WHITEST WASH

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954

Color scheming

By JOAN MARTIN

Yellow, a color that can produce the effect of sunlight and warmth, is the subject of this article—the third in our series of color schemes for the home.

A LOT of nonsense has been written about the "right color," as though certain colors are better in some years than in others because they are more fashionable.

This is just sales talk. All colors are always good colors.

The real problems are: How should they be used? Are they combined pleasantly?

Are they so loud that they give you no peace, or do they combine harmoniously so that you feel rested and happy?

There is no such thing as a bad color, but there can be a bad use of color.

There is nothing mysterious or technical about creating color schemes. In fact, the best color system ever devised awaits you outside your window, for in nature all colors are compatible with one another.

It may help, too, if you realize that there are certain colors which produce cool effects and others that give warmth. So when planning your color scheme remember to give some thought to the aspect of the room and the purpose for which it is to be used.

Remember that red, yellow, and orange are warm, advancing colors, as are certain pinks, buffs, and browns, while blues, greens, violet, grey, and white give a cooler effect.

Yellow is a color that in

its true form produces the sensation of sunlight and warmth, yet is not as definite as red. However, by changing the tone slightly it can become "cool."

To illustrate this point we show you two rooms—one a den or library for which we use a warm yellow, the other a bedroom in cooler yellow.

The deep yellow color scheme for the den is especially suitable because deep color tends to close in and gives the feeling of retreat and privacy so essential for a room of this type.

For chair covers we have used dark green—a little conventional maybe, but in this room the man of the house must be free to relax completely, and put his feet up if he wants to without fear of marking the fabric.

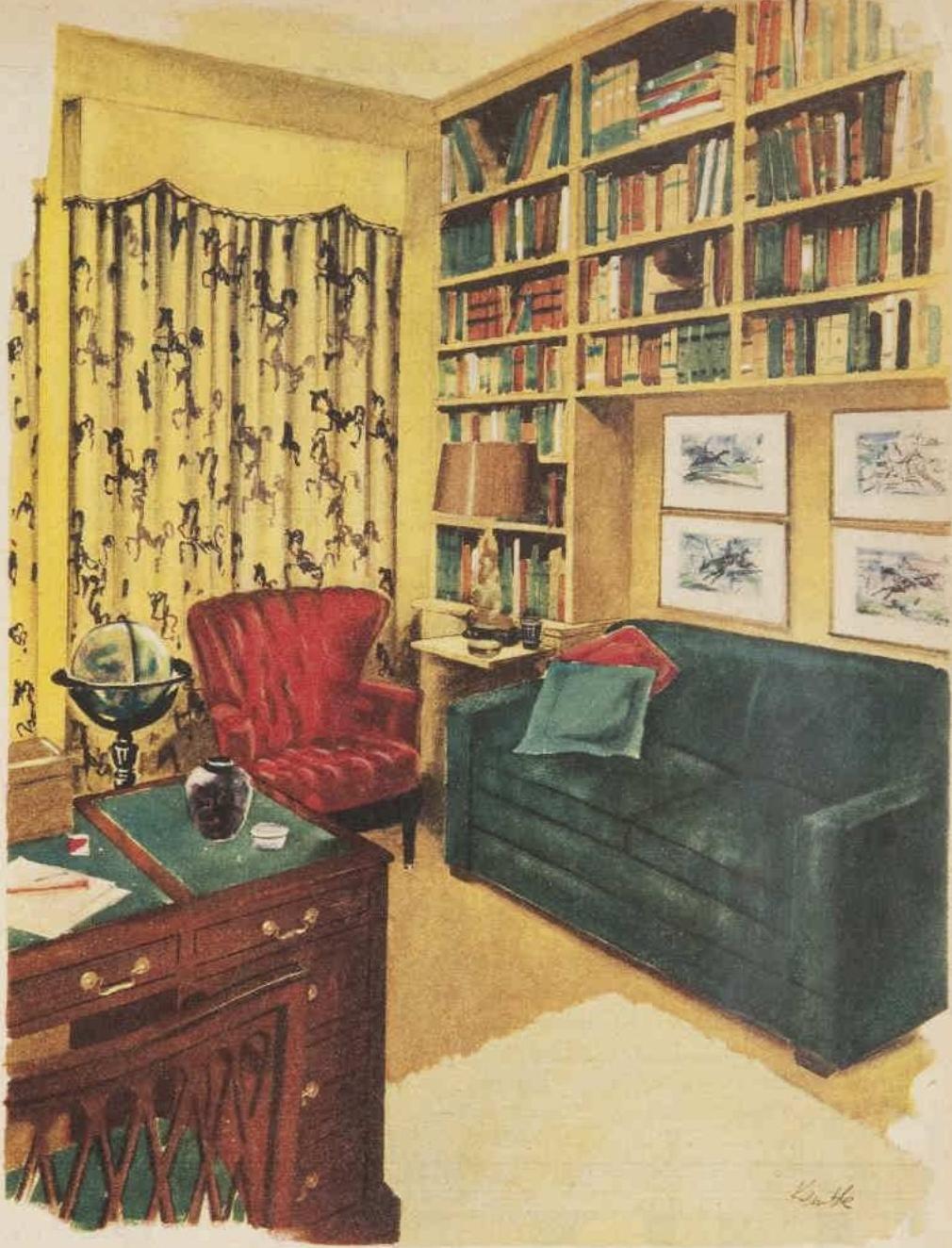
With the dark green and yellow the accent color is red.

The curtains, too, have a yellow background so that they blend in with the walls, and don't distract as another color might.

Yellow, red, and green are nature's autumn colors.

In the bedroom we again take inspiration from nature and the color scheme is suggested by the lovely sunset effect of mauves and yellow.

The walls of lilac coloring are a pleasant background for the pale yellow floral chintz used for curtains and covers, while the deeper mauve furniture gives a little depth to a room that is otherwise pastel in color.



LIBRARY or den (above) is a man's room, in which a warm yellow is used. Chairs are covered in a serviceable dark green, with one chair in warm red to give an exciting contrast, and pick up the color of the book bindings.

BEDROOM (left) is feminine and pretty with its pastel color scheme of lilac walls and floral chintz curtains and covers, in which yellow is the predominating shade. The furniture, in a deep shade of mauve, gives depth.

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706

F3301.—A dainty lingerie set ideal for any trousseau. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 3yds. 4in. ribbon, 5yds. lace edging. Price, 4/9.

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Orchid transfer design of eight orchids measures 12in. x 20in. Price, 2/- extra.



F3304.—Pretty half-slip with embroidered frill edging. Sizes 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 5½yds. 4in. embroidered edging. Price, 2/6.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060 G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666 G.P.O., Auckland.

Needlework Notions

No. 706.—GIRL'S PINAFORE

This pinafore is in a coverall design with a traced chicken decoration. The material is good quality headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink and green. Cut out ready to make yourself, with full instructions. Price, 18in. length for 2 years, 9/-; 19in. for 3 years, 10/6. Registration and postage, 1/- extra. Price, 20in. for 4 years, 11/3; 21in. for 5 and 6 years, 11/11. Registration and postage, 1/2 extra.

No. 707.—GUEST TOWELS

Tulip, wild rose and daisy design guest towels, traced ready to embroider. Irish Linen in white, cream, and sheer linen in blue, lemon and green. Size, 17in. x 24in. Price, 8/8 each. Postage, 6d. extra. The set of three, 19/8. Registration and postage, 1/2 extra.

No. 708.—TEA TOWELS

Cross-stitch makes the pretty designs on these three linen tea towels. Work in three strands of cotton in different shades, and you will be delighted with the finished towels. In pure linen, 22in. x 32in. Lemon, blue, green, and red borders. Price, 6/6 each. Postage, 6d. extra. The set of three, 14/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 709.—NEW DAYTIME SEPARATES

This pretty daytime frock features the new American separates. Cut out ready to make yourself. Full instructions are given. The material is in the fine rayon with a choice of delightful shades of straw, white, light royal-blue, cascade (strawberry-pink), forest-green, and black. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 43/9 complete; 34in. and 36in. bust, 45/11 complete. Registration and postage, 2/9 extra. Contrasting colors may be chosen for the top and skirt. You may order it without the traced cross-stitch design or obtain a transfer of several rose cross-stitch designs for 1/2 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.





POTATOES from your own garden have a fresher and more appetising flavor than those you buy in shops. Properly stored, they will keep for months as a good stand-by in times of potato shortages.

Grow your potatoes

• Every garden should have a potato patch because potatoes are easy to grow and a good home supply will help you through frequent market shortages.

EARLY spring, when the frost danger is over, is an excellent time to plant potatoes, so start preparing the ground and buying "seed" now.

Potatoes are very tolerant of soil conditions, and will do well in practically any soil which is not all sand or all clay.

However, the ground you choose should get full sunniness, and should not be near trees or big shrubs which rob it of nutriment. It must be well drained; waterlogged soil almost certainly means failure.

As soon as possible dig the bed thoroughly and add plenty of organic matter, either compost or well-decayed animal manure. Do not lime the soil as alkalinity favors the development of a fungous disease called scab which spoils the appearance of the tubers.

Good seed

BUY seed potatoes four to five weeks before planting time so that they can be green-sprouted. This will help you detect certain diseases, make your plants come up more quickly, and sometimes increase their yield.

When buying your seed potatoes be guided by the kind you have available for the crop. About 28lb. of seed will produce enough potatoes for the average family for six months.

Make every effort to buy certified seed. It is a little more expensive, but it is an insurance against virus diseases called leaf-roll and mosaic which reduce yields.

Many excellent new varieties which have practically replaced old-timers are available to home gardeners. Some

good yielders of high quality are Katahdin, Sebago, Sequoia, Exton, Aussie, and Moon.

Tubers for seed should be about two ounces in weight and have at least one good eye, or preferably two.

To make tubers green-sprout, spread them out in a well-lit shed. They will develop a green color in the skin, and, if they are healthy, strong stout shoots will grow from the eyes.

Any tubers showing weak, spindly shoots should be discarded, as they will almost certainly be carrying virus disease.

If small seed is unavailable, large tubers can be cut

GARDENING

—just before planting—into blocky pieces weighing about two ounces each. Cut surfaces should not be dusted in ashes or treated in any way.

Plant the tubers five or six inches deep, 15 inches apart, in rows two to two and a half feet apart. To do this, open up a drill six inches wide and seven to eight inches deep. Along the bottom spread a complete fertiliser mixture at the rate of two and a half to three ounces per linear yard.

Cover this with two inches of soil and then place the tubers in position. They must on no account come into contact with the fertiliser or they may rot.

Fill the drill with soil and firm down.

During growth weeds must be controlled with shallow cultivation because deep digging will damage the crop. Plenty of water should be given regularly, especially after flowering.

Hilling is not necessary, but if it is done, slight hills should be built about flowering time. This will prevent greening of any tubers which form near the surface.

Potatoes have one bad fungous disease—late or Irish blight, which may cause serious losses when days are humid and nights are cool.

It is quite easy to distinguish as it causes dark brown, water-soaked, rotted areas on leaves and stems. The disease spreads rapidly, even into the tubers, which eventually rot.

If weather conditions are favorable to the disease, spray the plants every 10 days with Bordeaux mixture, 1-1-10.

Pest control

THE most troublesome insect pest is potato moth, which mines the leaves and tubers. The moth is brownish-grey and about half an inch across. It shelters under the soil during the day and becomes active about dusk. The mature grub is about half an inch long and is pinkish-grey with a dark head.

The pest can be controlled in the tops with DDT, using 1 to 2 per cent. dust or 0.1 to 0.2 per cent. spray.

If dug tubers are infected they should be dusted with 2 per cent. DDT before bagging. They must then be washed and peeled before use.

Tubers from disease-free crops need no washing after digging, but should be left in the sun for 15 to 20 minutes to harden the skins. They should then be stored in well-ventilated boxes in a dark, cool shed.

If crops are infected with late blight near digging time, don't wait for the tops to mature as all the time the disease will be spreading. Kill them by spraying with one pound of bluestone dissolved in four gallons of water.

When the tops are dead dig the tubers, washing them and taking care not to damage the skins. Any tubers showing small, purplish-black, sunken spots are diseased and should be used immediately or discarded as the spots increase rapidly in size.

Inspect the stored tubers regularly to see that their condition is holding.

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Honey Custard



Make a Creamy Custard as directed on the packet. Return custard to saucepan, stir till boiling over low heat, boil (still stirring) one minute.

Custard Variation



Omit the sugar when you make Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, and sweeten with honey to taste. More than delicious with sliced fruit and baked or stewed apples.

Caramel Custard



Stir 1 pt. hot water into 2½ tablespoons sweetened condensed milk. Omit sugar from custard, substitute the mixture for part of the milk. And there's smoothness for you!



Delicious recipes for every meal! Write for this attractive Free Cookery Book to Foster Clark (Aust.) Ltd., Dept. 03, Redfern, N.S.W., enclosing 3½d. stamp for postage.

Melt 1oz. butter in a saucepan, stir in sugar required for custard, cook until a butterscotch colour. Dissolve in the hot milk before stirring in custard cream.

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Page 44



CHEER SQUAD: Pompon caps knitted in team colors are just what the smart young men-about-school are wearing this year. Directions for making the caps are below.

Wool caps win prize

A pattern for making striped pompon caps for children or teenagers is the winning entry this week in our homemakers' contest.

MRS. M. C. MURRAY, 12 Railway Street, Liverpool, N.S.W., whose instructions for knitting the caps are given on this page, wins the £3/3/- cash prize.

The caps can be knitted with colored wool in odd colors, or unravelled wool from discarded cardigans or sweaters.

Each week readers have the opportunity of winning £3/3/- in this contest on how to make something new from something old.

With each entry send a full description of the article or articles as they were and what was done with them. Rough sketches or a snapshot to illustrate the "before" and "after" idea should be supplied.

Address your entry or entries to The Editor, Homemaker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Materials: Odd balls of colored 3-ply wool, 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: This style of cap will stretch to fit boys from six to 12 years. For a smaller head fitting knit on a size smaller needles and for a larger head fitting knit the ribbing longer or knit an extra stripe.

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 108 sts and k 1, p 1 for 2in.

Change to No. 9 needles and a contrasting colored wool and knit in st-st for 6 rows, then work 6 rows 1st color, 6 rows contrasting color, 6 rows 1st color, and 6 rows contrasting color. Change to 1st color wool and work shaping for crown as follows:

1st Row: * K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from * to * to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K 3, k 2 tog., rep. to end of row.

4th Row: Purl.

5th Row: K 2, k 2 tog., rep. to end of row.

6th Row: Purl.

7th Row: K 1, k 2 tog., rep. to end of row.

8th Row: Purl.

9th Row: K 2 tog., rep. to end of row.

10th Row: Purl.

11th Row: K 2 tog., rep. to end of row.

12th Row: Purl.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join the side edges together. Turn up the ribbing to form a hem on the outside and slip-stitch around with wool.

TO MAKE POMPON

Take a piece of cardboard 1in wide and 4in long. Take an end of each colored wool and wind tightly around the cardboard about 200 times. With a darning needle, run a few strands of wool underneath, tie firmly, and clip the other ends of the wool. Fasten to top of cap.

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tonic ingredient. prevents
dandruff, promotes lustrous
growth.



PMH.T2

Pretty scuffs



SIMPLE double crochet is the firm pattern stitch used for the uppers of these wool scuffs with felt soles. Directions to fit an average-size foot are given below.

These crocheted scuffs with a pretty trim of marabou will be warm and comfortable for winter months. They fit a size four foot.

Materials: 1 skein F. W. Hughes "Kooba" wool, shade No. 2162 (Bitter Sweet) (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 yd. marabou trimming; size 00 crochet hook; 1 pair felt soles.

Measurements: Size 4.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.; 7 rows to 1 in.

Work 13 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch., 1 d.c. into each ch. (12 sts.)

2nd Row: 2 ch., 2 d.c. into

Miss Precious Minutes

CATCH and close a small safety-pin through the last stitch of crochet before putting it aside. This stops any of the work pulling undone.

If hot fat is spilt on the kitchen floor pour cold, preferably iced, water on the spot immediately. This hardens the grease before it can soak in and makes it easy to scrape off with a dull-bladed knife.



USE a pattern of fine sandpaper instead of cardboard when cutting appliques for embroidery. Sandpaper is firm and will not skid off the fabric.

AFTER writing the names of plants on wood or strong cardboard dip the labels in hot melted paraffin wax before tying to the plants. The wax will protect the writing from weather for a long time.

USE brown paper when applying wax to floors. The paper can be discarded after use and saves the bother of washing cloths.

ONCE a week boil water with a pinch of borax in a coffee percolator to keep it clean and sweet.

SHOULD you prick your finger when sewing and spots of blood soil the work, moisten a small wad of white cotton in the mouth and rub on the stain. This removes the stain and leaves no mark.

WHEN kid or skin gloves split at the seams you can make a very neat repair. Buttonhole-stitch along both edges of the split, then on the wrong side sew the button edges together and the mend will be scarcely noticeable.

IF fruit juice is spilt on a tablecloth cover quickly with a small piece of wet bread. This will soon remove the stain.

WIN A FREE TRIP TO California



SAN FRANCISCO
MONTEREY
SAN JOSE

YOU CAN
WIN A
HOLIDAY
IN AUSTRALIA
FOR YOUR
GROCER
TOO!

WATCH FOR FULL DETAILS OF THE EXCITING CREAM OF TARTAR RECIPE COMPETITION

"AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY" AUG. 4TH

SIMPLE RULES — EASY TO ENTER
YOU COULD WIN!

Page 45

at the scratch of a match . . .

INSTANT LIGHT without metho priming

with



Coleman



Coleman world-famous lanterns are available in 300 and 500 c.p. sizes, INSTANT-LITE and QUICK-LITE (Kero) models. All fuel safety-sealed. (At right) See how to test Coleman!

Coleman Reflector Rings give better light. Coleman "Spotlite" Reflector directs it where you want it most!



Fitted to any similar appliance Coleman Reflectors give better light . . . fitted to Coleman Lanterns they give perfect light! Parchment shades also available to convert lanterns to attractive hanging lamps.

COMPACT, HANDY SINGLE-BURNER STOVES

Available in several models, INSTANT-LITE (no priming) or QUICK-LITE (kero) types.



Model 500
"SPEEDMASTER"
Single-Burner
Instant-Lite
Stove



For lasting satisfaction
with Coleman

FREE OFFER

10!

TEN SHILLINGS FREE OFFER COUPON

This Coupon filled in and presented to your local Coleman Dealer authorises him to allow you TEN SHILLINGS off the normal selling price of ONE Coleman complete Appliance (one Coupon one Appliance).

Appliance Purchased

Date

Your Name

Your Address

Dealers Name

Where this coupon offer contravenes local stain laws normal prices must apply



The Best of its Kind!

That's the beauty of Coleman INSTANT-LITE Lanterns, Lamps and Stoves! No fussing about with metho. No priming of any kind required. They light at once at the scratch of a match. And all fuel is safety-sealed . . . it can't spill even if the appliance is knocked over!



Model 303
Instant-Lite
"JUBILEE"
Table Stove



Coleman Table Stoves are available in both INSTANT-LITE and QUICK-LITE (kero) models, in two and three burner sizes, for kitchen, caravan or boat galley. All fuel safety-sealed.

for those who prefer
KEROSENE
there's a wide range of
"QUICK-LITE" Kerosene
lanterns, lamps and stoves
for every household and
holiday need!

COOK FAMILY SIZE MEALS
ANY TIME . . . ANYWHERE!

The Coleman INSTANT-LITE Folding Stove folds up and carries like a suit case. Fits any car boot. All fuel safety-sealed. No pre-heating. Cooks family size meals easily.

CLEAR WHITE LIGHT THAT
IS EASY ON THE EYES!

Coleman 300 c.p. INSTANT-LITE Lamp is ideal for holiday cottage or general household use. Fuel safety-sealed. Can't spill if tipped over. Also in Kero model.



Model 157
Instant-Lite
"DAYLITE"
Table Lamp



Reflector Rings
in two sizes

TIME-SAVING, SELF-HEATING
IRONING . . . ANYWHERE!

There's no priming required with this famous Coleman iron . . . "with the cool blue handle." Heats quickly and evenly. Easily regulated. Tapered ironing edge. All fuel safety-sealed.



Model 4A "ARISTOCRAT"
Self-Heating Iron Instant-Lite

COLEMAN IS TOUGH & BUILT TO
TAKE IT. Try these tests yourself!

WON'T BLOW OUT!
Hold Coleman up to a fan at any speed. It won't blow out because it's gale-proof.



RAIN PROOF!
Hose Coleman and see how it stands up to the deluge. It's storm-proof.



FUEL C-N-T SPILL!
Kick Coleman over. No flare. Fuel can't spill. Safety-sealed. Eventually goes out . . . safely!



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(Coleman Quick-Lite Co. of Aust. Pty. Ltd.)
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F. P. Witsford, Bea House, Flinders St., Townsville, Qld. (Townsville 3444)
A. C. Baker & Co. Pty. Ltd., 109-111 C.E.T. Building, Albert St., Brisbane, Qld. (B 3306-7)
G. C. Winkley & Co., 179 Pirie St., Adelaide, S.A. (W 2503)

Ask at Department,
Hardware & Sports
Stores Everywhere

New cookery contest

This week we announce the opening of a special cookery contest in which prizes to the value of £250 will be given for the best recipes using honey as an ingredient. Start sending your entries now.

THE contest has been divided into five sections so that even those who specialise in making only one particular type of dish can participate in it.

Closing date of the contest is September 1. Prize-winners will be announced in October.

As judging and testing of the entries proceed, four weekly progress prizes of £5 each will be made for the best recipe in any one of the five sections. So start sending your entry or entries in early.

A new and interesting recipe can win:

In addition to the major

prizes of £100, £50, and £25, a special prize of £10 will be given to the best recipe for each section. There will also be 25 consolation prizes of £1 each.

Competitors may submit recipes in any or all of the following sections:

1. Cakes (including small cakes, pastry, fancy breads, and biscuits).
2. Desserts (hot or cold).
3. Confectionery.
4. Beverages.
5. Savory or meat dishes with honey.

The three major prizewinners are not eligible to participate in the section awards.

New American embroidery transfer



EMBROIDERY TRANSFER No. 122C features the alphabet in lin. letters and 20 other embroidery motifs to decorate scarves, blouses, sweaters, and all house linens. Size of the sheet is 28in. x 8in.; price, 1/- plus 3d. postage. Send orders to our Needlework Department. See address, page 42.

First prize: £100

Second prize: £50

Third prize: £25

Five section prizes each of £10.

25 consolation prizes each of £1.

Total . . . £250

HOW TO ENTER

1. Recipes must be written clearly on one side of paper only—in ink or typed.
2. Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page the section in which recipe is to be entered.
3. Exact weights and/or measurements to be given in level standard measuring cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons—do not use rounded, heaped, or scant measures.
4. Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.
5. Recipes will be judged on their originality, practicability, and economy.
6. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes. Interviews cannot be granted.
7. Address your entries to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Mark the envelope "Honey Cookery Contest."



LEFT: Potato pastry covers these fried fish puffs, which will be popular for week-end meals. See main prize-winning recipe this page.

PRIZE RECIPES

ANY kind of cooked fish may be used in the filling for fish puffs which wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

Potato pastry used to cover the fish puffs is a pleasant change. The potato may be specially prepared, or mashed potato left from a previous meal may be used.

Scallop patties, a very popular delicacy, and orange crumb roll win consolation prizes.

Recipes with general appeal are most welcome in this contest. Send us your favorite recipe now. Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

FISH PUFFS

One pound puff or flaky pastry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. scallops, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 small onion, 1 tomato, $\frac{1}{2}$ clove garlic, salt and pepper to taste, 4 oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups cooked mashed potatoes, milk, lemon, and parsley.

Melt butter or substitute, add finely chopped onion, cook over gentle heat until soft and lightly browned. Add

skinned chopped tomato and finely chopped garlic, cook until tender. Add flaked fish, season to taste. Allow to cool while preparing potato pastry.

Sift flour, baking powder, and pinch of salt. Work into potatoes.

Mix to a firm dough with a little milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut into 4in. squares. Place a little cold fish mixture in centre of each square. Fold in half diagonally, press edges together, mark with a fork. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Drain, serve hot with lemon wedges and parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. I. Rolf, Leongatha, Vic.

SCALLOP PATTIES

One pound puff or flaky pastry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. scallops, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, squeeze lemon juice, 1 cup milk.

Roll pastry to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, cut into circles with 2in. cutter. With a smaller cutter (about 1in.) press lightly into larger circles. Bake on flat trays in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. With a small, pointed

knife remove the "lids" and fill with prepared scallop mixture. Wash scallops thoroughly. Place in saucepan with sufficient water to cover, cook over gentle heat 4 or 5 minutes, but do not boil. Allow to cool, chop into small pieces. Prepare sauce. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until sauce boils and thickens. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Add scallops, reheat without boiling. Fill into pastry-cases, place "lids" in position.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Renault, "Esplanade," Oaklands, Tas.

ORANGE CRUMB ROLL

Six ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoons milk.

Filling: One tablespoon golden syrup, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon melted butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water.

Sift flour, rub in shortening, add sugar and orange rind. Mix to a firm dough with sufficient milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Spread with syrup, cover with breadcrumbs mixed with orange rind and melted butter. Moisten edges, roll up, starting to roll from longest side. Join in a ring, press into greased 7in. cake-tin. Snip with kitchen scissors at 2in. intervals. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Pour water into centre of ring, cook further to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Walsh, Ferry Road, Surfers' Paradise, Qld.

Peaches and Carnation ..what a treat!



Make an every-day sweet an unforgettable treat by creaming peaches with Carnation. It's a treat you'll repeat often—with all fruits, fresh, tinned or stewed. Carnation is pure, whole country milk condensed to double-richness. All the original cream is retained as well as every health-element that makes milk Nature's most valued food. For economy, for flavour, for nourishment, cream fruits, pies and puddings with Carnation.

ALL YOU DO IS PUNCH AND POUR

With the tip of the can-opener, punch two holes in the top of your Carnation tin— one on either side. Carnation pours easily this way—without waste.

Carnation MILK

"from Contented Cows"

Look for it at your grocer's in the tall red-and-white tins.



COOK'S CORNER

Whenever the recipe says "milk" use double-rich Carnation. Homogenised to distribute cream particles evenly, Carnation is also heat-treated to blend better with other ingredients. You'll see how, when you make—

CARNATION COOKIES

3 oz. butter; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar; 1 egg; $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Carnation Milk; 1 cup (22s. S.R., $\frac{1}{2}$ Plain) flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rolled oats; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, chopped; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seeded raisins.

Cream butter and sugar, beat in egg, then milk and flour. Blend well. Stir in remaining ingredients. Drop spoonfuls on greased slide and bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes.

CARNATION PORRIDGE

When making porridge use half Carnation, half water for extra creaminess, smoothness and flavour. When you serve, pour on Carnation and sprinkle with brown sugar.

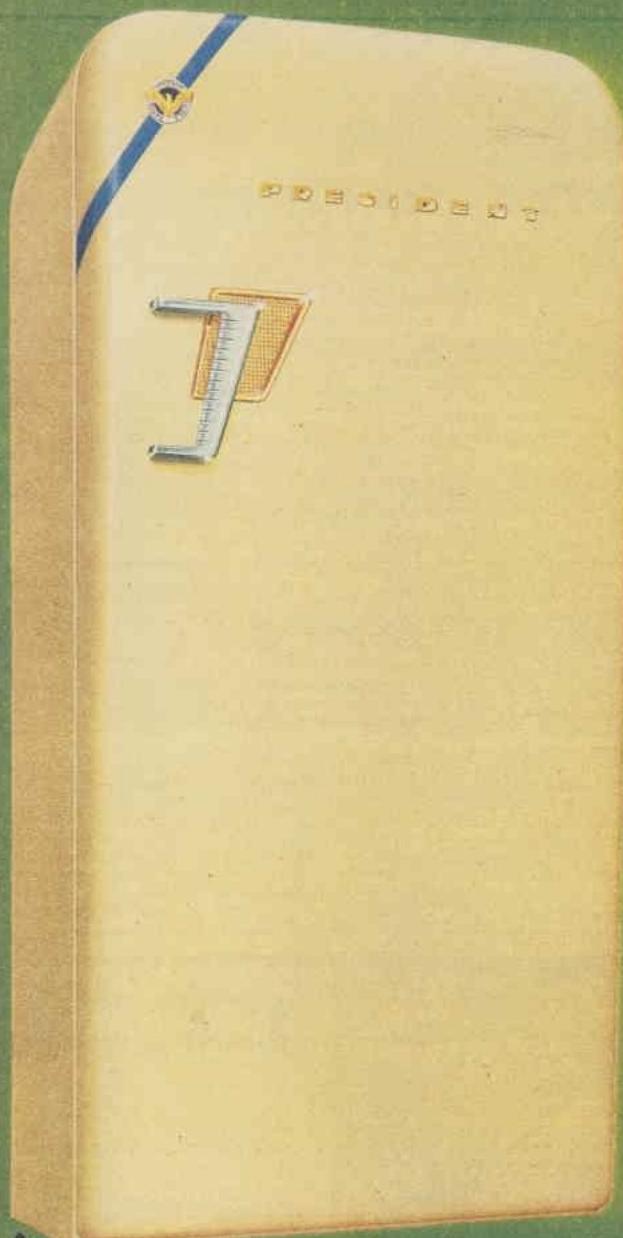
MACARONI CHEESE

8 ozs. Macaroni; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. diced tasty cheese; 1 tin Carnation Milk; salt and pepper to taste.

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Rinse and drain. Heat Carnation Milk until small bubbles appear around edge of saucepan. Remove from heat, cool slightly, blend in most of cheese until smooth. Pour over macaroni in buttered baking dish. Top with remaining cheese. Bake for thirty minutes in moderate oven or place under griller long enough to melt top cheese, and serve immediately.

Be sure you get Australia's finest ... order now! It's your

PRESIDENT



AND COMPARE PRESIDENT'S BIG VALUE!

Any moment now, the hot weather rush for PRESIDENT begins. Now's the time to secure early delivery of your Model 912, Australia's most advanced refrigerator — and as for value, it simply defies competition!

PRESIDENT

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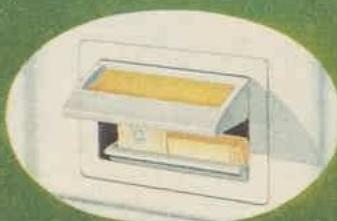
CHECK THESE PRESIDENT FEATURES!



Revolutionary new 'across-the-top' Zero Freeze Locker for frozen foods, ice cream.



Full-width 'Frost-Cold' Drawer for meat and fish cuts, etc.



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REVOLUTIONARY
NEW
SYNCROMATIC
COLD CONTROL

Makes the cold go round and round.



3 GREAT PRESIDENT MODELS

Whatever size your family ... whatever size your kitchen ... there's a President just right for you.

9½ c.u. £189/10

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Cooked in a CASSEROLE

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

• Cold weather has a way of sharpening appetites—and what could be more satisfying than a piping-hot casserole at the close of a grey and wintry day?

CASSEROLES need never be dull—there are dozens of ways of tenderising inexpensive cuts of meat by long, gentle cooking in ovenproof dishes of china, glass, or earthenware.

The initial browning of meat, which develops rich flavor and color, has to be done in a pan because casserole-dishes, though ovenproof, will not stand direct heat.

A meat casserole, which is really an oven-cooked stew, does not spoil if the meal is delayed. Any left over may be reheated without loss of flavor or nutritive value.

Vegetables cooked in a small quantity of water in a lidded casserole retain as much vitamin and mineral content as when cooked in a saucepan.

Do not place hot casserole-dishes on a cold surface, and never fill a hot casserole-dish with cold water. Grease rims of lids before using to prevent sticking.

And now for some hearty and wholesome casserole recipes to give a lift to winter menus. Remember, all spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CASSEROLE STEAK WITH CARROT STRAWS

One and a half pounds round blade, chuck, or topside steak, 2 large carrots, 1 small swede turnip, 1 parsnip, 4 cup diced celery, 3 or 4 small onions, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 pint water or stock, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, parsley.

Wipe steak, remove surplus fat, cut into 2in. cubes. Coat with flour, salt, and pepper. Melt fat in heavy pan, add steak, peeled onions, and any remaining flour. Cook steadily until well browned, turning meat and onions to brown evenly. Add stock or water and sauce, stir until boiling. Turn into large casserole. Scrape and chop 1 carrot and parsnip, peel and chop turnip. Add to casserole with celery, mix well together.

Cover, cook in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours. While casserole is cooking, scrape remaining carrot and cut into thin strips. Simmer in salted water 12 to 15 minutes, keep hot. Serve casserole topped with carrot strips and parsley.

CASSEROLE OF CREAMED RABBIT WITH CELERY

One rabbit, 2 or 3 bacon-rashers, 1 pint water or stock, pinch nutmeg, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 onion, 1 cup diced celery, 14 cups milk, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, Melba toast and parsley sprigs to garnish.

Wash rabbit, remove tail joint. Soak ½ hour in salted water. Wipe, cut into joints; wrap each joint in strip of bacon (rind removed), secure with cocktail stick. Place in casserole with sliced peeled onion, celery, stock or water, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Cover, cook in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours until rabbit

is tender. Blend flour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk, stir over gentle heat until boiling. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes, add butter or substitute, stir until melted and absorbed. Strain liquid from rabbit, reserve 1 cup, remove cocktail sticks from rabbit joints. Mix the liquid with the thickened milk, pour over rabbit in casserole. Return to oven, reheat 15 minutes, serve garnished with Melba toast and parsley.

CASSEROLED CARROT RINGS, PEAS, AND POTATOES

Three large potatoes, 2 carrots, 1½ lb. peas, 3 or 4 tablespoons hot milk, 1 teaspoon butter or substitute, 14 cups hot water, salt, pepper. Shell peas, scrape carrots, cut into rings. Peel potatoes, cut into small pieces. Place all vegetables together in casserole with water and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover, cook 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven. Remove

potato pieces, mash in saucepan, cream with milk, butter or substitute, and pepper. Drain liquid from peas and carrots, pipe or spoon creamed potato round edge of dish. Return to oven to reheat and lightly brown potato.

SWISS VEAL WITH TOMATOES

One and a half pounds scrag-end neck of mutton, 1 onion, 1 green apple, 2 small swede turnips, 1 carrot, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons rolled oats, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 pint stock or water, chopped parsley.

Cut meat from scrag-end into small pieces, removing surplus fat, gristle, and any jagged pieces of bone. Melt fat in pan, add meat. Fry until lightly browned, place in casserole. Add sliced onion to fat, fry lightly. Stir in flour, allow to brown. Add water or stock, salt, and pepper; stir until boiling. Pour over meat in casserole. Cover, cook 1 hour in moderate oven. Remove lid, add diced carrot, turnips, apple, and rolled oats. Cover again, cook 1 hour longer, removing lid occasionally to stir. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

DUNDEE HOT-POT

One and a half pounds scrag-end neck of mutton, 1 onion, 1 green apple, 2 small swede turnips, 1 carrot, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons rolled oats, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 pint stock or water, chopped parsley.

Cut meat from scrag-end into small pieces, removing surplus fat, gristle, and any jagged pieces of bone. Melt fat in pan, add meat. Fry until lightly browned, place in casserole. Add sliced onion to fat, fry lightly. Stir in flour, allow to brown. Add water or stock, salt, and pepper; stir until boiling. Pour over meat in casserole. Cover, cook 1 hour in moderate oven. Remove lid, add diced carrot, turnips, apple, and rolled oats. Cover again, cook 1 hour longer, removing lid occasionally to stir. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

SNAP! your
packet open!



CRACKLE! those
luscious RICE BUBBLES
onto your plate



POP! them into
your
mouth!



RICE is a wonderful food!



Yes, rice IS a wonderful food—and these Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are a wonderfully delicious and nourishing breakfast cereal. So crisp they sing out loud Snap! Crackle! Pop! And, every spoonful contains the protein, minerals and vitamins you and your family need every day. Remember, too—you serve this breakfast straight from the packet. No cooking. No pots and grills to wash up. Enjoy Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—regularly in YOUR home.

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GROW CURLY
4 Weeks Treatment
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Asthma Coughers Give Thanks For Lucky Discovery

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis say thanks to Mendaco the famous new American scientific medicine. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curing the asthma. The Mendaco tablet is dissolving, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendaco from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.

Continuing . . . The Magicians

come into it at all. You know I don't want to go back. But I feel I ought to—I've told you how things are at the firm. We've got to get busy, as Crewe says. What's the matter with you?"

"A mistake this. He hurried on: "We've had a wonderful time—ten days together, a lot more than we thought we'd have. If I've got to cut it short now—well, it's a nuisance, but it just can't be helped, that's all."

She was crying, with no words to explain how lost and gone she was in her misery, blotting out sun and sea, all the gold turned to heated brass.

"I must say you're being unreasonable, Phil!" Even this fellow knew this to be a lie.

She found some words. "You weren't even going to take me back with you."

Out they came, the false look of surprise, the false words. "Of course not. You don't want to go back, do you? I thought you'd want to stay on here—finish your holiday."

She was a fury, glaring and black. "Don't talk like a fool. Why should I want to stay on here without you? What am I going to do? What am I going to feel? Don't you understand anything at all?"

This was a fine chance.

"You told me you wanted to come here whether I came or not." Quiet, reasonable, deadly. "This was your favorite place, you said. So I don't see why you've got to scream your head off, calling me a fool, just because I assume you'd want to finish your holiday. And I haven't got my own business, remember. I have to do what I'm told—or take the consequences—"

"Oh—shut up—"

"All right, I'll shut up." He did some more and quite unnecessary bag work. And this other Ravenstreet found himself staring at a green linen shirt—he'd bought it at a sale in Oxford Street when up for the day in London in the autumn of 1925—and his fingers felt its harsh but cool and pleasing caress.

He had gone. He heard a tap running. When she faced him again, a minute or two later, she was neat, pale, composed, beyond the battle for love now.

"Are you catching the five-thirty-five? You'll have to hurry, won't you? I won't come to the station. You didn't expect me to, did you?" Questions asked in another cottage, in another world, where surrender and passion and tenderness had never been heard of, a cool and dignified world, completely empty. That was how she might have to live now, banished by some treachery she would never understand.

This again was when all might be changed, by a look, a word. But the young man was in control of the situation, not the other who could do nothing but feel his helplessness and share something of the girl's frozen anguish.

There were more words exchanged, but they had no real meaning. Time, which seemed to have no even pace here but

moved with the heart, hurried to gabble them.

He was outside, dazzled by the sun and the flashing mirror of the sea, carrying a raincoat and his bag. He turned, before climbing the steps to the road, and saw her standing at the door watching him, a forlorn little figure yet huge in its reproach.

And now it appeared that memory or anything resembling it turned to wild dreaming, for he no longer saw through the eyes of his younger self, about to climb the steps, but seemed to move closer to the girl standing at the door, whose misery and despair rose like a dark tide to drown him.

What was that something still hidden from him, the fact, the fear, the key that was lost? He had it—it yes, he had it—no, he had nothing.

He stared at the chair facing him in the little study, and was much relieved to find that Marot had gone. But then it was late, close on midnight. He must have been asleep for a couple of hours. What had Marot said—that he would show him time alive, the life as it is?

As he crept upstairs, almost morbidly anxious to reach his room without meeting anybody, Ravenstreet began asking himself what in fact he had experienced during those two hours, whether he had remembered or dreamt, or dreamt and remembered together, or if, as he suspected Marot meant to suggest, he had more or less re-entered a past that was in some inexplicable fashion still going on, presumably in "time alive" or "the life as it is."

He had come across vague references to theories that played about with time and unknown dimensions in this fashion, and so far as he could understand such theories he found them irrational and repellent, belonging to some tormented Eastern notions of existence.

By the time he reached his room, his mind still working coldly, he had come to the conclusion that what he had experienced was a mixture of memories, released in a flood by some hypnotic trick of Marot's, and some dream elements, stimulated no doubt by his talk with the magicians. So there it was.

The rain had stopped; the night was clear and fresh; he stayed by the open window, breathing deeply. And it was then, just when he thought he had the whole business nicely and coolly settled, that he felt such emotion as he hadn't known for years and years, as if a giant hand were shaking him.

It was almost every kind of feeling at once: bitterness and horror and pain were there, reaching out to him from Pellock Bay and 1926, but so were wonder and a strange hopefulness, even a sort of confused joy, coming from a sense of indefinable possibilities, perhaps time alive, perhaps life as it is.

To be continued



A boon to busy mothers

What a lot there is for the mother of a baby to do . . . and only one pair of hands to do it all!

Donald Duck Strained Foods save busy mothers so much precious time. It's no trouble at all to prepare a variety of tasty meals for baby this new, convenient way and it's money-saving too. Donald Duck meals for baby are wholesome, varied, tasty, and made under the most hygienic conditions

from only the finest selected Australian raw fruits, vegetables and meats.

Doctors and Baby health centres approve prepared Strained foods and only chemists stock . . .

DONALD DUCK STRAINED FOODS



Cleans with

Twice *
the Speed

7 TIMES MORE
GREASE REMOVING
ACTION

Your sink and bath—even your greasy pots and pans, Old Dutch will clean them shining bright in next to no time. The amazing new grease-dissolver in Old Dutch cuts stubborn grease on contact!

Recent tests carried out by a famous independent U.S. laboratory proved that Old Dutch cleans with twice the speed of the average of all other leading cleaners.

See your kitchenware and porcelain plates . . . at rich, thick Old Dutch cleans, filled with activated Seisomine, absorb sticky grease, dirt and stains . . . float them all away.

Old Dutch Cleanser is a boon to busy housewives. Those tiresome daily chores—pot and pan washing, floor sweeping, mopping in the bathroom—all cut to only a few minutes work. Old Dutch cuts stubborn grease on contact.

Does the
Half the job in
Half the time

Buy the
BIG
14 OZ.
ECONOMY TIN



"I believe he keeps us waiting like this so we'll catch things from each other."

STILL YOUNG at 50

Don't let "middle age" get you down—that dull, listless feeling, that sinking back can be due to kidney troubles. That's because kidneys are Nature's way of removing harmful acids and wastes from the blood—lazy kidneys can cause disturbed nights, swelling, aching joints, headache, constipation, indigestion. Keep your kidneys "on the job" by taking Dean's Backache Kidney Pills. Dean's should bring you swift relief, as it has to people all over the world. Get Dean's without delay, and feel younger, better, brighter.

Court Martial

By
Alastair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C.
and Bar

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1951

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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954

Continuing . . . Just a Little Encouragement

from page 5

making heavy weather of them."

"So that's what we must have smelt in the passage," said Miranda. "Hello, what's happening to the lights?"

The lights flickered and the throbbing noise grew louder. Suddenly the lights went out, plunging the lounge into total darkness.

Helen snorted. "It's that Herbie. He's blown the fuses again."

"Don't anyone move," I said, rising to my feet. "I'll find out what's happened."

"I'll give you a hand," said Henry.

"No, sit down. I know my way to the kitchen all right. There's some candles there."

"This happens regularly," Helen's voice came out of the darkness. "The lighter's on the mantelpiece."

"Not now it isn't," I said. "Henry and I were using it. I think it's on the coffee table."

I groped for it, and at the same time Helen's hands tumbled across the table. I hadn't heard her stand up.

"Too many cooks . . ." I was beginning to chide her when I heard her knock the lighter on the floor. "Oh, blow it," I said. "I can find my way to the kitchen without it."

"Here, take my matches," said Henry. I felt along his arm until I found his hand, and taking the box of matches blundered through the dark to the kitchen. I needed only one match to find the doorknob, but I wasted half a dozen more looking for the candles. Eventually I found a miserable scrap end of a candle and lighted it.

Helen came into the kitchen at precisely the same moment.

"We'll have to hurry," I said. "There isn't much of a candle here. Miranda and Henry won't mind being left in the dark for a few moments, will they?"

Helen gave something suspiciously like a snigger.

"You can hold the candle for me while I fix the fuses," I said. "They're in the passage."

Helen stalked through the lounge holding the candle before her like Lady Macbeth in a high-school play.

"Won't be long, folks," I said.

"No hurry," said Henry's voice from beyond the faint pool of light cast by the candle.

Herbie was in the passageway by the fuse-box, leaning against the wall and groaning

loudly. "There's some spare fuses on the top of the box," he gasped. "I can't reach them. And I've dropped my torch."

I soon found the fuses. When the lights came on again I could see Herbie was a horrible shade of green.

"Those cigars," I said astounded. "You didn't smoke them, did you?"

Herbie nodded. "You could have burned them in a tin or something."

"Must simulate actual conditions," said Herbie, now deadly white. "It was a failure." He slipped down the wall and sat on the floor.

Helen and I carried him into his sitting-room, and hurriedly opened up the windows. I loosened his collar and put a basin by his head.

"Send in Henry," I said to Helen. "He knows what to do in times like this."

"Wonderful what you learn in the Navy," said Helen sarcastically.

She came back alone a few moments later.

"Where's Henry?"

"I just peeped in on them."

"Well?"

"Henry's busy."

"What?"

Helen smiled. "They were sitting quietly on the settee. For all the room they were taking up they might as well have been in one armchair."

"No?" I said.

Helen nodded.

I looked closely at her for the first time since the lights had come on, and saw that her hair was disarranged and her lipstick mussed up. I realised what had happened.

"The initiative must come from the man," I echoed her remark made earlier in the evening. "You need a jolly good spanking, my girl. Have you no sense of decency? You deliberately made up to Henry in the dark and he thought it was Miranda."

"Just a little encouragement," said Helen airily.

Herbie, stretched full length on the couch, groaned and opened one eye. "I'm sorry to spoil your evening," he said. "I don't know what went wrong. I was sure that air-conditioner would be successful."

"Don't worry, Herbie," Helen said soothingly. "Even if it didn't clear the air, it cleared the decks for action."

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"I'd like you to meet the wife."



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but I drink it often just because I like it and it makes me feel cool inside.

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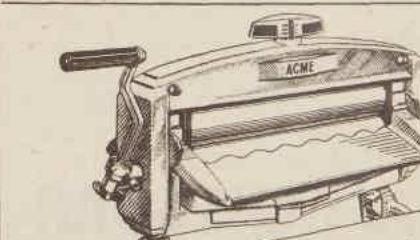
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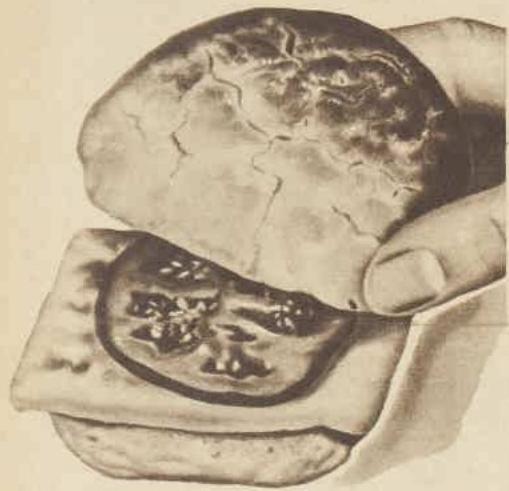
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Page 51

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THE HEALING WARMTH OF
WAWN'S WONDER WOOL
for NEURITIS, BACKACHE, 'FLU
RHEUMATISM . . . FEEL IT HEAL

Continuing . . . The Voice

from page 9

who could, at a distance of thousands of miles, reduce two veteran talkers like his wife and his daughter to a state of charmed silence, he couldn't help thinking.

"Hello," Johanna said, off-hand. "Have you decided to come in and stop sulking?"

Sulking! The men's eyes met and locked in shocked indignation. They crossed the room and seated themselves in the two easy chairs that faced the divan on which Johanna and Dricky were curled up like kittens.

Mother and daughter were very alike. "Everyone takes us for sisters," Johanna would often remark, unconsciously preening herself. But now their likeness went deeper than the color of their wide eyes, the tilt of their pert noses, and their habit of wearing their right shoes down at the heel. They looked as though they had just shared a saucer of cream and were purring in blissful chorus.

And what a transformation had taken place in their appearance in the past few months! Gone was Johanna's modest coronet of plaits. Her hair, shining like newly minted gold, fell in loose waves to her shoulders. Her trim ankles were emphasised by gossamer nylons, and if she didn't break her neck, her loving spouse reflected, it would certainly not be the fault of her film-star shoes.

In the past three months she had spent more on clothes than she had done in the preceding ten years, Jan had calculated. "A woman owes it to herself," Johanna would say with simple finality whenever the conversation between her husband and herself got bogged down on the touchy subject of extravagance.

And Dricky was an even greater headache. Shortly after Adrian Jansen had joined the staff of the Rising Sun Radio as chief announcer and had proceeded to disrupt the nation's peace of mind, Dricky de Beer had begun to stall whenever the date of her marriage to Paul Villiers came up for discussion.

An entirely new, critical light now shone in her eyes, and she had formed a devastating habit of following every deep scrutiny of her beloved with an eloquent sigh. "Every word I say, every blessed thing I do I can see her holding up for comparison with this shark!" Paul had once exploded to the girl's father.

Johanna even listens to the market reports now that he gives them after the six o'clock news," Jan had told him with understanding. "And, believe me, Paul, the price of wool means nothing to her these days but the latest winter fashions.

She imagines he's paying her subtle compliments when he reads the ruling prices of peaches and cream, and spring chickens. I can read it all in her eyes, man! And, believe me, it's driving me mad!"

The news that Adrian Jansen was to visit Britzendorp created a whirlwind in the district.

"It reminds me," Jacob de Wet observed caustically, "of a run full of hens when a cockerel's been placed in their midst—it's pure murder going on!"

The only men who looked as though life was more than a pitiful mockery were the shopkeepers, who were harvesting small fortunes, though mostly on tick."

Young men kicked their heels while their girl-friends unconcernedly broke appointments, and married men rapidly became shock-proof as their wives pinned their faith to the belief that gentlemen prefer blondes and joined in the general transformation scene.

Conversation among the men of the district had become almost a lost art. They felt they could rise to little more than explosive grunts and brotherly ah! Their masculine vanity had been bowed to the dust, their proudly dominant spirit laid low.

Not since the days of the Amazons had women ridden through life so triumphant, so cock-a-hoop with themselves, and filled with scornful amusement at the figures cut by their menfolk.

Adrian Jansen arrived early on Saturday afternoon and the entire population of Britzendorp turned out to meet him.

Cars and carriages converged on the town from every quarter, until the market square was packed like a tin of sardines. And Sergeant Venter addressed his force, before ordering them to mingle with the crowd and see that no act of violence was committed.

"We may only be men, and married men at that, most of us," he said with commendable courage, "but we must not forget that we are still responsible for the maintenance of law and order."

Never, Paul Villiers thought, as Dricky followed her mother down the steps to where his car was waiting, never had there been a more lovely creature than this girl with the beautiful eyes and smiling mouth.

It didn't matter that the eyes hardly saw him, that the mouth was smiling at the thought of another man. Paul's only wonder was that he had ever imagined for a moment that he

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FOR THE CHILDREN

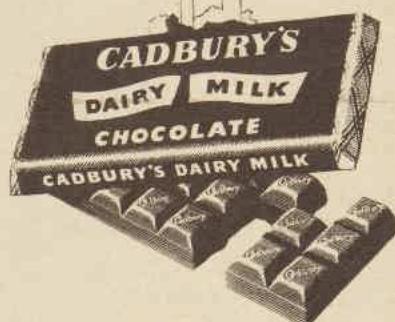
Wuff-Snuff-&Tuff

by TIM



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21,

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD

had a chance of winning the heart of this radiant girl.

If his shadow had shown sharp claws and threatened to scratch him, Jan de Beer couldn't have been more afraid of it than he was of his wife, Johanna. As he climbed in beside Paul he felt a very lost, apprehensive little man.

This woman with the roses in her hat was a stranger to him; why, Johanna's waist hadn't been that small since he'd slipped his arm about it in their courting days. He felt old and incredibly slow of wit and limb beside this glorious creature.

The two men found themselves wedged on either side of Jacob de Wet in the solid masculine wall that lined the main street to provide a flattering background to the twittering, bewitched women of Britzendorp.

Jacob's "ha" as the sleek, big expensive car slid noiselessly into sight at the end of the human avenue was so fraught with sinister implications that both Jan and Paul started as though sharply jabbed in the back.

"I'll thank you, Jacob de Wet, to keep your opinions to yourself!" Jan growled, his manhood unexpectedly rising to the goad.

Like an aviary in spring the women voiced their excitement, and as their lilting voices grew in volume, so grew the low moan that broke from the male chorus as the luxurious car crept along the main street.

The hood of the car had been folded back and the sun burnished the crisp waves of fair hair that covered the young man's head like a knight's helmet. His eyes paid private homage to every woman en route and his smile had the brilliance of a neon sign.

The breadth of his shoulders made the husky sons of the soil present feel puny and hollow-chested by comparison, and he might have been poured into his clothes with

Continuing . . . The Voice

from page 52

nature standing by to pronounce an inspired "When..."

"A two-headed sheep isn't the only freak of nature," Jacob de Wet said hoarsely. "Not by a long shot it isn't!"

He could stand no more, Paul suddenly realised. Dricky had only tolerated his presence because his car put up a better show than his father's all-purpose utility model. She wouldn't miss him if he sneaked off home.

He could get a lift to the crossing from Dirk Foure, whom he could see also slipping away from the scene of defeat. Let them have their garden party, followed by the dinner at the Royal Hotel, and the dance in the hall. He'd had enough.

"Let's go," Jan said close behind him, and together they began to shoulder their way through the crowd.

"Paul! Paul!" It was Dricky's voice, sure enough, but the young man ploughed steadily on, driven by a long-delayed whip of self-preservation.

"Paul! Wait for me!" Dricky caught his arm and he was forced to look down into her upturned face. Her eyes were wide and rather scared, like those of a child who has suddenly awakened to find itself in strange surroundings. Her expensive hat sat on the back of her head and she was panting from her chase. "Don't leave me behind!" she begged. "I'm coming home, too."

Paul shepherded her to the pavement and faced her in the sheltered doorway of the undertaker's emporium.

"I'm not going to the garden party or the dinner or the dance," he told her distinctly, marvelling at the way his chest was expanding and the tucks in his spine were ironing out.

"Nor am I," Dricky whispered.

He cupped her shoulders in

his hands, as much to steady himself as anything, for the sudden rush of oxygen to his lungs was making him dizzy.

"I don't understand," he said slowly. "You saw your Prince Charming. What more could you ask?"

Suddenly Dricky was laughing and the sound was more heady than oxygen by far.

"Prince Charming? Oh, Paul! He's too dreadful—a stuffed shirt—a clothes' horse. He isn't a man at all!"

Was there ever any knowing with a woman? Paul thought with wonder, as he gathered her into his arms.

That night Prins slept undisturbed on the wooden bench on the porch.

After playing a couple of Jan's favorite records the radio gram was closed down for the night.

And Johanna sighed with deep contentment as she pulled out her favorite old pink flannel nightgown from the back of a drawer. Black georgette was all very well in its way, she'd be the first to admit—but thank heaven there was no real necessity for her to freeze to death!

POSTSCRIPT

A full moon was shining dramatically behind the crescent of palms that fringed the coastline. Adrian Jansen sat on the verandah of his beach bungalow admiring the clear-cut, delicate silhouette of his wife's face against the quicksilver of the moonlit sea.

"Who wouldn't be married to a woman of genius?" he said softly. "It really looked like a showdown when those crazy listeners began demanding that they meet The Voice. It also looked as though I'd never be able to take time off to be alone with you. And, in one master stroke, you solved both problems, you clever sweet!"

Anna laughed, and her eyes were very gentle as she looked at her husband in the moonlight.

"Yes, I found the counterpart to your beautiful voice, all right," she said. "And we've no doubt brought happy fulfillment to your countless admirers by sending them Adonis. I don't mind sharing your voice with the world's women, my darling, but I won't have them steal my husband from me!"

Adrian reached up and plucked the girl from where she was sitting, chin on knees, her hands clasped round her bare ankles. He transferred her to his knee and buried his face in her soft, shorn curls.

"As though they'd take me as a gift—once they'd seen me!" he scoffed, amused.

Anna thought of his homely features and unspectacular build, his kind eyes, and ready smile.

"You're the answer to every woman's dream," she told him.

And he thought she was teasing—which was just one of the many reasons why she loved him to distraction.

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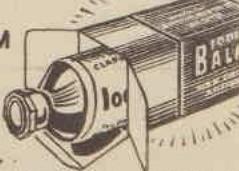
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 21, 1954

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, refuses to believe PRINCESS NARDA when she says she recognises one of the guards at a jewellery show as the owner of the mysterious face she saw 25 feet under water. The guards are jewel thieves, and when Narda sees

them stealing the gems they kidnap her. Closely followed by Mandrake and the police, the thieves and Narda plunge over a cliff into the sea. Mandrake does not believe she is dead, and decides to investigate.

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She tries everything that comes in pots, jars and what-haves. She swaps her soaps, changes her creams, labours with lotions. Yet when she wakes in the morning her complexion still has the dull, muddy look. And the reason? She doesn't know that greasy skin foods are fantastically out of date.

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CHAPPED SKIN



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TEENA® by Lilla Teng



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6 oz. Size

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NOW YOU CAN HAVE

WHITER TEETH IN TEN DAYS

Here's a toothpaste that *really* cleans your teeth. Made to the latest American formula, Nyal Toothpaste contains a highly-activated cleaning agent designed to safely remove film and food deposits. Actually makes teeth *whiter* in 10 days. Clean, refreshing flavour.



Ask for these other
NYAL MEDICINES

NYAL Aspirin-Codine Tablets	2/- 3/6
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture	3/9 6/3
NYAL Camphor Ice	2/-
NYAL Chest Rub	3/-
NYAL Chilblain Paint	2/- 9

NYAL Children's Cough Mixture	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Creophos	3/9, 6/3, 7/6
NYAL Croup Ointment	2/9
NYAL Esterin Tablets	3/6
NYAL Figsten (Regular)	2/3
NYAL Figsten (Double Strength)	3/6
NYAL Honey Cough Elixir	3/6
NYAL Huskies	1/9, 2/6
NYAL Quinine-'Flu' Mixture	4/9
NYAL Sore Throat Gargle	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic	6/- 11/-
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Baby Soap	1/11
NYAL Baby Powder	2/- 4/1
NYAL Calomine-Lemolin Cream	2/3
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir	3/6, 5/6
NYAL Milk of Magnesia	2/6, 4/3
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic	5/9
NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6